

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 22, 1989 50 CENTS

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR



**TOM SEAVER
OF THE METS**



VENTURI'S OPEN

**AN
ASTONISHING
DECADE**



CLAY'S CHAMPIONSHIP



HAMATH'S SUPER BOWL

TORINO COBRA TORINO GT

The beautiful new shape
of performance

Touch their thrattles and they'll go anywhere. And why not? When we designed them we had one eye on Main Street and the other on the back straight at Riverside. The slippery shape wedges through the air with ease. You don't buck the wind in these Torinos — you move with it!

How do you tell 'em apart? That's easy. Cobra's the mean looking baby with the matte black hood (inset photo). Its standard engine is a mover of a 429-cubic inch 360-horsepower V-8 teamed with a four-on-the-floor transmission and quick-flicking Hurst Shifter. Or, choose one of two great high-output 429's — the Cobra and Cobra Jet Ram Air V-8's. Competition suspension's standard, too.

Torino GT is Cobra's luxury lovin' cousin (main illustration). A beautiful new blend of glamour and go, with black grille, integral hood scoop, hidden tail lamps, deep carpeting, and GT trim all standard. Then, add the pizzazz options like Laser Side stripes and chrome Magnum 500 wheels. You can have just as much performance in Torino GT as you want, with a choice of six V-8's, all the way up to the earth-shaking 429 Cobra Jet Ram Air V-8.

Set up either car the way you like, with SelectShift automatic, front power disc brakes, air conditioning, high back buckets and more.

Cobra. Torino GT. In your Ford Dealer's Performance Corner. Get one and go like the wind. See your Ford Dealer for the free, 16 page 1970 Performance Buyers Digest, or write to Ford Performance Digest, Dept. 512, P.O. Box 747, Dearborn, Michigan 48121.

TORINO





GO LIKE
THE WIND





Authentic.

"Tis Christmas here. And I will tell you the cold of a Scottish winter is a nasty affair in the Highlands. But we've made a Scotch that's warmed many a man. And with it we send good cheer."

John Dewar



*Dewar's
never
varies.*



In case of emergency, dial...

It was an emergency, all right. You saw this man collapse on the street. Someone yelled, "Call an ambulance!" You spotted a phone booth at the corner; you raced to it. But someone had beaten you to it...someone had made a shambles of that phone...

On a given day some 11,000 public phones in this country are out of commission.

They're out of order for different reasons. Innocent reasons. Malicious reasons.

An innocent reason could be a bent dime that jams the coin slot.

A malicious reason could be a criminal reason. It could result in cut wires, smashed housings, rifled coin boxes.

General Telephone—indeed, all telephone companies—have tried various preventive and detection devices to help cut down on vandalism.

But as things stand now, we can't keep up with the problem of policing all our public phones.

This is so in spite of the fact that we're the 2nd largest phone company in the country.

In spite of the fact that our regular repair service people check public phones on a regular basis.

Still, it isn't enough. We can't service a phone if we don't even know it's out of operation.

That's where you come in. And you. And you. Appoint yourself a committee of one to let your phone company know about any public phone you've found out of commission. Just call your regular repair number. (It's a free call.)

Why should you bother?

Simply because a public phone that doesn't phone can hurt you more than it hurts us.

There might be a time—a life and death time—when a phone has to work. And doesn't.

Maybe you'll never have to call for an ambulance. Maybe you'll just have to call your wife about a—er—slight delay in getting home.

That could be a life-saver, too.

General Telephone & Electronics

The First Avenue from New York City

A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding & that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified & that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them & that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses & that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us & that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

New York Life Insurance Company



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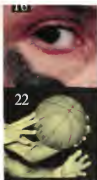
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The Next Issue

(dated Jan. 5, 1970)

NFL DIVISIONAL champions Dallas, Cleveland, Minnesota and Los Angeles play off and prepare for the NFL showdown, the last stop on the winner's way to the Super Bowl.

A TALL ASSIGNMENT for college basketball's tallest team. Joe Juma reports on Jacksonville's bid for national recognition in Evansville at the height of the Festival season.

A CHAMPION RACEHORSE is the pivotal character in a story of mystery and betrayal, one of SI's infrequent offerings in sports fiction, written by British Novelist Dick Francis.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Looking back has its pleasures, and it was with considerable enjoyment, surprise and a sense of discovery that this decade-ending issue evolved, for it permitted—indeed, demanded—the kind of retrospection Americans rarely allow themselves these days. Consider that the '60s began with Ingemar Johansson as Sportsman of the Year, Arnold Palmer about to win five tour tournaments in nine weeks and Wilt Chamberlain not even retired for the first time. Tom Seaver was 15 years old, the Mets were merely a gleam and not a teaspoon of turf had been turned on the site of the stadium that was to be home for 1969's world champions of baseball and football.

Our remembrance research for this issue began six months ago. Lists were made of every significant athletic event, every major personality, every never-to-be-forgotten moment that was now totally ignorable. Names from the past arose: Kelson, Mazeroski, *Weather's*, Lewiston, Mc. Quotes were recalled: "My doctor says if I diet I'll just lose strength"—Jack Nicklaus. And artifacts of the last decade came to mind: Patterson's beard, Auerbach's cigar, Throncherry's glove, BREAK UP THE YANKEES banners. With this as a basis, we began the search for photographs that would portray the decade as we saw it. Some thousands of pictures and how-dare-you-leave-outs later we completed the special section beginning on page 38, entitled *There Were No Greener Pastures*, our own review of the decade.

Meanwhile, William Johnson and Nancy Williamson were developing a much different story of the '60s, an appraisal of the surprising, and at times overwhelming, effect of television on sport. For two months they interviewed network executives, announcers, advertising buyers and the men who run spectator sports. Johnson grew a beard—perhaps to enhance his media image—and became something of a fixture at Manhattan TV haunts, while Mrs. Williamson learned the four-hour lunch can pay off with four hours of background information. Johnson came

away impressed with the candor of all concerned. He then moved on to tour the country with camera crews, to talk with team owners and finally to find out what happened when the picture tube was actually turned on in places like St. Joe, Mo. and Morristown, Tenn. His series, which began on page 86 with *TV Made It All a New Game*, is the first comprehensive assessment of the romance and marriage of television and sport.

Finally we had to select our Sportsman of the Year, the personality whose performance as both athlete and man best reflected pure excellence. It is a testimony to the vigor of 1969 that never before have readers offered us so much help—three times as many suggestions as usual. The list ran literally from A (Hank Aaron) to Z (Larry Ziegler, who won the \$100,000 Michigan Golf Classic only to find there was no prize money). Included were the fans of Baltimore "for survival under pain," Harmon Killebrew for "being alltime nicest," Jack Nicklaus for "losing 20 pounds" and Notre Dame Athletic Director Moose Krause for accepting the Cotton Bowl bid and thereby "letting the whole world know how bad Notre Dame's football team is." Also suggested was a 1960 syndicator named Tom Seaver, whom William Leggett portrays in a story that starts on page 32.

Now the most eventful decade in the history of sport is almost over. Happily it was eventful for us, too, for our circulation rose from 900,000 to more than two million, a kind of butting average statistic that suggests we are properly reflecting the big new place sport has found in American life, reflecting it in a way you like. And so it is with special pleasure that I end the '60s by wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Decade.

Gary Ball



If Field & Stream's aroma doesn't remind you of a great autumn day...you're catching a cold.



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A Little Knowledge Is a Dangerous Thing?

Not where arthritis is concerned.

Modern woman is its chief victim.

What she knows...and does... about it can make the difference between control and crippling. If you suspect you're suffering from arthritis, see a doctor. And see him early.

Because something can be done. Another thing. The Arthritis Foundation exists to help...to support research...to train specialists...to improve treatment...to help people in pain.

Now that you know...let's help each other.

The Arthritis Foundation



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Any 12 records for \$3⁹⁸

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SAVE ALMOST 50% ON HIT RECORDS

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YES, IT'S TRUE—if you join the Columbia Record Club right now, you may have your choice of ANY 12 of these records for only \$3⁹⁸. What's more, we'll even give you an attractive transistor radio. And all you have to do is agree to buy as few as ten records (at the regular Club price) during the coming two years.

That's right!—you'll have two full years, in which to buy your ten records. After doing so, you'll have acquired a sizable library of 22 records of your choice—but you'll have paid for just half of them...that's practically a 50% saving off regular Club prices!

AS A MEMBER you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Club's entertaining music magazine. Each issue describes the regular selection for each musical interest and



181196



183103



183178



181636



181909



182152



180299



172411



182246



174995



183335



174375



183160



182410



183285



179341



167692



182758



181669



176602



178465



181428



181594



179671



171884



176792



180554



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177055



110379



178814



180448



177501



180711



157883



180554



181677



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180836



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180166



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BOOKTALK

This year's crop of gift books looks auspicious as a Christmas plum pudding.

At Christmastime almost everything looks a little larger than life, bigger, brighter and, of course, more extravagant. Books produced for the Christmas gift market are certainly no exception to the rule (though most are offered with the warning that they will cost more once the gift-giving season is past).

A sampling of this season's books for the sports-minded reader turns up several glossy elegant and a few genuinely handsome tomes. The only word about some of them are almost too heavy to lift with one hand. One of the most impressive is titled simply *Rowing*. It is by Gunnar Bränsjö (Stien and Day, New York, pre-Christmas price \$19.95).

Author-artist Rimswitz modestly calls himself a layman who set himself the task of outlining, in words and pictures, the story of burning in Europe through the ages. He is, in fact, a brilliant artist whose defining preoccupation includes 350 superb

executed illustrations and a focus test.

At least three of the volumes embracing this year's Christmas shopper concern conservation. Most Americans, by this time, are conservationists through sheer exposure. The prettiest picture books this year carry to them the true message that before long pictures may be all we have left of what was once a great wilderness teeming with wildlife. *Great Game Animals of the Backlist* by Russell Barnett Aukin (Macmillan, \$17.95 pre-Christmas price) is, like the *Bracewell* book, directed at hunters, but it will appeal to anyone with a taste for superb photographs of animals in their natural habitats. Illustrated with more than 100 photographs in full color and about 120 monochrome photos, *Great Game Animals* is a graphic record of a professional hunter's experience with gun, camera, pen and brush in all parts of the world.

Our Faunshing Wilderness by Mary Louisa and Shelly Gorman and John N. Blanket (Grosset & Dunlap, New York, 1984) generates alarm and concern for America's natural wonders being so recklessly ravaged to suit commercial purposes. "Once changed," they write, "the wilderness cannot be legislated back into existence." Plu-

lographs of endangered regions and wild life are, of course, expectably beautiful.

Ian L. McHarg's *Design with Nature* (National History Press, Garden City, N.Y. 51495) offers a plan as well as a lament. The author, a practicing landscape architect, approaches his subject in a scholarly manner, presenting hard ecological facts. His book is written as a blueprint for the future, a book that seeks to demonstrate how our threatened society can, indeed must, utilize nature if it is to survive.

For the football crowd there is *The #11* (Jeff Fries (Simon & Schuster, \$14.95), a commemorative tribute to the game, its players and fans. Photographs in color were taken from the NFL film archives and from the Pro Football Hall of Fame files. A portfolio of color portraits of the game's great players ranges through the years from Jim Thorpe (1920-25) to Kicker Lou Groza (1960-67). The text includes an analysis of game strategy, the evolution of the uniform, a selection of the 10 greatest games ever played, black-and-white action photographs and enough past records to delight the arithmetical statistician for a whole winter of halftime intermissions.

JEANNETTE BELL 47

THE POWER -EDGE



The muscle is in the big belt. An exclusive, rubberized, steel cleated track that tears into ice, crust or deep powder stuff. You get a power edge over lesser built machines... and a track backed with a 2 Year Warranty on all 1970 single cylinder models. Get on the right track... it pays off in power.



THE RIGHT TRACK

Model 4: $W_{it} = \beta_0 + \beta_1 \text{protesters}_{it} + \beta_2 \text{death}_{it} + \beta_3 \text{disorder}_{it} + \beta_4 \text{governor}_{it} + \beta_5 \text{police}_{it} + \beta_6 \text{length}_{it} + \beta_7 \text{duration}_{it}$

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a subsidiary of C. H. Engstrom, Limited



Two for the road: Javelin and AMX

(with Budd-built parts) Turned-on sports cars—American Motors style. Both the Javelin and the AMX feature powerful V-8 engines. Rally Stripes. Choice of either Automatic or 4-speed all-synchrom Hurst transmissions. Functional ram-air induction. And the AMX and Javelin are just two of the 31 leading cars with quality components made by

The Budd Company
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Wherever you look, you see Budd

Budd products include fenders, hoods, roof doors, body panels, chassis frames, wheels, hubs, drums, and disc brake parts.

Javelin

AMX



176776



179358



181222



183202

...and a radio, too!



almost 300 other records... hit albums from every field of music, from scores of record labels.

If you do not want any record in any month — just tell us so by returning the selection card by the date specified or you may use the card to order any of the records offered. If you want only the regular selection for your musical interest, you need do nothing — it will be shipped to you automatically. And from time to time, the Club will offer some special albums, which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided — or accept by simply doing nothing — the choice is always yours!

RECORDS SENT ON CREDIT. Upon enrollment, the Club will open a charge account in your name — you pay for your records only after you have received them. They will be

mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of \$4.98 (Classical and occasional special albums somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

FANTASTIC BONUS PLAN. As soon as you complete your enrollment agreement, you will automatically become eligible for the Club's generous bonus plan, which entitles you to one record of your choice free (plus 25¢ for mailing and handling) for every one you buy thereafter!

SEND NO MONEY — JUST THE POSTPAID CARD. Write in the numbers of the twelve records you want, for which you will be billed only \$3.98, plus mailing and handling. Be sure to indicate the type of music in which you are really interested. Act today!

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB Two Hells, Ind. 460 Where smart buyers shop for hits!



180323



177089



180059



178400



181230



179291



171504



182394



179620



183291



172254



183608



175331



182402



176891



175596



173740



183137



183145



176594



188765



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182378



182543



171157



183309



179325



177683



126390



181685



180885



171140



160594



182386



174607



177832



177519



180497



170357



182220



163139



164152



180661

**This Christmas,
Canadian Lord Calvert announces**



triplets.

Your choice of a green giftwrap, a red giftwrap or a blue-green giftwrap.

Whichever fifth you choose, it's still the same fine imported Canadian Lord Calvert inside.

But it's nice to have a choice.



© 1987 Canadian Lord Calvert Ltd. All rights reserved. Printed in Canada.



One of our competitors just introduced a two-stage synchronous motor.

We're bloody flattered.

In 1967, Garrard engineers perfected the Synchro-Lab motor. A revolutionary two-stage synchronous motor.

Revolutionary because, for the first time in a component turntable, it successfully combined two types of motor: induction and synchronous.

The induction portion supplies the torque to reach playing speed instantly. The synchronous section then "locks-in" to the frequency of the current.

This produces unvarying speed, and thus unvarying pitch, despite variations in voltage.

A missed point

Not surprisingly, a competitor has introduced a copy of our Synchro-Lab motor on their costliest model.

Alan Say, our Chief Engineer, comments, "We're bloody flattered. After all, being imitated is a rather good indication of how significant an innovation really is."

"But, curiously, they seem to have missed the point."

"With a non-synchronous motor, you need a heavy turntable. Its momentum makes up for fluctuations in motor speed."

"Our purpose was to achieve constant speeds, using a lighter turntable and the least possible power. Less power and a low mass table help reduce stress, and rumble."

"When we went to the Synchro Lab motor, we cut our turntable weight to three pounds. They're still using a seven pound disc."

"So, while others are follow-

ing our lead, there's no comparison yet. Quite selfishly, we're pleased on both counts."

H. V.'s commitment

This is, by no means, the first time a Garrard innovation has been imitated. Spurred by a commitment of some thirty years standing, Garrard engineers have recorded every major advance in automatic turntables.

H. V. Slade, a co-founder and Garrard of England's uncompromising Managing Director from 1918-61, set policy which endures to this day.

"We will sell a Garrard in the U.S. only when it is more advanced than any machine available there."

Satisfyingly dissatisfied

"To fulfill such an unbending commitment," points out Alan Say, "requires chaps who are perpetually dissatisfied." The 1970 Garrards would appear to bear that out.

Last year, we added viscous damped tone arm descent for gentler, safer cueing.

But offering an automatic turntable that was undamped in automatic cycle ran cross-grain of logic. So one of our engineers devised a linkage system between the changing mechanism and the damping "jack".

Now Garrard's tone arm is damped in automatic.

This year, a popular and exclusive Garrard feature—our disappearing record platform—has become a non-disappearing record platform.

Our Swindon Labs discovered we could make it a bit larger and stronger that way. A difficult decision. But one that would have pleased H. V.

And we've added a counterweight adjustment screw to our gimbal-suspended tone arm. It permits you to balance the arm to a hundredth of a gram. To quote our Mr. Say, "Anyone with a touch sensitive enough to take full advantage of it should be cracking safes with the Lavender Hill Mob."

An embarrassment of riches

You can select from not one, but six Garrard component models. Prices range from the SL95B (left) at \$129.50 to the 408 at \$44.50.

Although prices vary from model to model, Garrard standards do not. Only the number of refinements possible at each price.

It can be a most difficult choice. Your dealer can help you make it.



Garrard

© 1970 Garrard Limited, London, England

SCORECARD

LIKE OLD TIMES

As the rest of the world spun in relative sanity toward Christmas, the Muhammad Ali-Joe Frazier heavyweight championship fight hoppedscotched through another world, one of political indignation and public scorn. It touched down briefly at such spots as Orlando and Tampa, South Miami and Toronto and, for the moment at least, appears to have found a resting place in Judge Roy Hofheinz' plect of Texas, the Houston Astrodome. At least it was still to be in Texas when we went to press, if not yet announced officially, and Ali was optimistic enough to render a poem, and, yes, even a prediction—Frazier to fall in 11.

After signing his part of the contract last week—Frazier wasn't to sign until this past Tuesday—Ali then retired to his hotel in New York City to reflect upon the injustice, to him, of having to fight with no more than a few weeks of training and to wax eloquent in dismay over the great mounds of fat that have gathered about his body. He is, by his estimate, carrying 232 pounds, although 240 or 245 might be a more accurate guess.

"If Frazier beats me," said Ali, who has not fought since March 1967, when he unloaded on Zora Folley in seven rounds, "it's still not fair. I won't have time to be me. This won't be me—and if he wins it really can't go down as my best. However I look in this fight—and I'm not saying I'm going to lose—I won't feel bad. But I believe I have enough speed and experience to beat him."

Then the champion brightened. He got to his feet and began to cuff the air, hooks and jabs and crosses, almost flooring a maid who escaped by stumbling over a photographer, and he began to recite

*Frazier will come out weak'n,
But I ain't gonna be pokin'.
I'll be a peckin' and a pokin'.
Pouring water on his weak'n,
It might shock ya and amaze ya,
To see the destruction of Fraz-a.*

Then, laughing, he began to pack. "I only got to February 16," he said, "so I got to hurry to the gym and start dancing. He's a snapping turtle and I got to start building a turtle trap."

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

President Nixon's interest in football has been ascribed by pundits to a need to get away, occasionally, from the uncertainties of politics to the clear-cut precision of sports, where you can measure your gains and losses, recognize at once the import of your penalties and advances and know whether you have won or lost.

An athlete of our acquaintance who has been dabbling in politics and is thinking seriously of making it his career sees the question from the opposite end of the bench. He looks upon politics as a simple, carefree life compared to big-time football. For instance, starting at the very beginning there is no need for vigorous recruiting of new players or for paying big bonuses to rookies; politics is always overloaded with newcomers who are not only willing but usually eager to fight for a spot in the lineup. They'll even pay for the privilege. And instead of tedious hours of work on the practice field to perfect every detail of an intricate play, in politics one can pull off a matter of tremendous import with a casual conversation or two and a quick phone call. Politics, in other words, is easier to play. The lack of clear-cut rules enhances the fun. In football if you block an opponent from behind you're zapped with a crushing penalty that can nullify a hard-earned score; in politics clipping an opponent from behind is applauded, if it works. You can pass a Christmas pie-in-the-sky tax-relief bill, knowing that it's going to end up incomplete, and all you get are cheers from your constituents for a nice try; on the gridiron you'd be penalized 15 yards for deliberately grounding the ball.

In football you have half a dozen of-

ficials and three times that many coaches watching your every move—and often reviewing those moves later on film—so that you can't get away with a *ding*. In politics you can make up your own rules as you go along. If you should happen to violate those gentle restraints—even if you violate them flagrantly—you takes a big effort to get it called to the officials' attention. And a penalty, if one ever does come, is usually something like a vote of censure, which freely translated means, "That's naughty and don't get caught doing it again."

Our friend is stimulated by the whole prospect of leaving the grim realities of sport for the jollity of politics. He was a superb broken field runner in football—he could run like a thief, someone said—and he feels he can go all the way in politics.

GAME SCORE

As manager of the Washington Senators, Ted Williams attended the baseball meetings in Fort Lauderdale, but talked rather more about his three-week safari in Africa, where he made a television show, than about baseball.

"I got me a Cape buffalo, a greater kudu and three sable," he told sports-writers, "also a warthog, a puku, a waterbuck, a Grant's gazelle, a reedbuck



and three sportswriters who came to the airport to interview me."

OFF-BROADWAY PHENOM

These are the words of the pro football scouts:

"That boy Terry Bradshaw is just the opposite of crime. He always pays. I

continued



"MILLER MAKES IT RIGHT!
Take it from me, Al Hirt.
They make it hearty and
robust and deep-down good.
That's why more and more
men are making their move
to Miller. C'mon, you do
it, too. Ask the man for
The Champagne of Beers.
Miller High Life." *Al Hirt*



This watch could kill you.



Oceanographer "D" 17 Jewels. \$95. Bulova Oceanographer Collection at fine jewelers and dept. stores. Bulova Watch Co., Inc., New York, Toronto, Boston, Milan, London, Frankfurt, Hong Kong. ©1968

Please don't test this watch yourself.

If you can't take our word for it, maybe you'd better leave this Bulova Oceanographer alone.

It's a better man than you are.

It can dive 333 ft. to the ocean floor and sit there a couple of days and never notice it. We'll stand behind the watch if you'd like to try it. But we won't take any bets on you.

It can survive a week in the rarefied

sub-zero atmosphere of Everest's peak. No man has ever been there more than an hour.

It can lie all day in the desert sun. And never miss a tick. Or come through a raging dust storm in better shape than a Hollywood sheik.

But we don't make Bulova Oceanographers for comicbook heroes.

We make them for men who are careless with garden hoses. Or who get

carried away netting a prize fish.

Or who ride their cycles hard, and sometimes take a spill.

We make Oceanographers tougher than men are. So that they won't have a hard time giving you the right time whenever you give them a rough time.

You can pay more for a rugged watch than you pay for a Bulova Oceanographer. But you'll have a tough time finding a tougher watch. Bulova

like to have jumped out of my seat when I saw some of the passes he threw. He got the highest grade of any prospect I ever scouted. He'll make some club very happy. I wish it could be mine."—Lloyd Wells, Kansas City Chiefs.

"Bradshaw is a big Sammy Baugh."—Jim Lee Howell, New York Giants.

"If Terry Bradshaw is not the best college quarterback in the country, he's one of the top two."—Rommie Loudd, Boston Patriots.

"He's the best college quarterback prospect since Joe Namath."—Gil Brandt, Dallas Cowboys.

At the obscure Grantland Rice Bowl game played last week in a high school stadium in Baton Rouge, with Louisiana Tech and East Tennessee State as opponents, the scouts were on hand in hordes to study the performance of Terry Bradshaw. Tech quarterback, 6' 3" and 218 pounds, even though some of them had no chance at all of seeing him drafted by their teams. Tech lost for the first time this season 34-14, as State rushed Bradshaw with all its players and half its band. But the assembled scouts cared nothing for that. Their eyes were dazzled by the brilliance of Bradshaw's splendid performance.

Among them was Don Klosterman, now general manager of the Houston Oilers. His notes reported that Bradshaw is strong, fast, quick to assume his passing position and that he can run if required and has good vision. "Vision is so very important," Klosterman observed. "This is fantastic. He has a very fast spiral on the ball, and he can throw it accurately with terrific speed for 25 to 35 yards—the range for deep turn-ins. That's the essential thing for a great pro quarterback. With this rush we can evaluate him pretty well. It's hard to throw a pass on a diagonal from the outside in, because the receiver has to run into the ball. Bradshaw hasn't missed one yet."

And so on. Stand aside, Joe.

A QUESTION OF SCHOLARSHIP

Coming up before the National Collegiate Athletic Association in Washington (Jan. 12-14) are some matters that could have serious and perhaps salutary effect on intercollegiate athletics. One is that the NCAA council has endorsed an amendment to the bylaws which, if adopted, will make much

more difficult the soaring practice of farming out to junior colleges athletes who do not meet the requirement that they maintain a 1.60 grade average at an NCAA institution. A lot of coaches have been taking these high school kids and putting them in junior colleges (among them, basketball Olympian Spencer Haywood).

Under present rules, if such a youngster maintains a B average for one year he can go on to a four-year school and become immediately eligible for three more years of competition. The trick, of course, is to boost his junior college grades by getting him enrolled in lots of readily available easy courses, including plenty in physical education.

The proposed new hylaw, endorsed by the National Junior College Athletic Association, would provide that the student must either graduate from junior college or present 48 semester, or 72 quarter, hours with a grade-point average of 1.60. Only then would he be eligible at an NCAA member school for an athletic scholarship and for practice during regular seasons and NCAA competition (for two years).

If the student athlete must stay two years in the junior college, it will be much more difficult for coaches to pick out snap courses for him. And the college, for the sake of its reputation, will not be likely to graduate him if he has not taken solid courses.

Best guess is that this new bylaw will be adopted.

THE WAY IT'S GONNA BE

Some of the best minds of Syracuse University's State College of Forestry have been looking into the future, and this is a bit of what they foresee for the year 2050 and even sooner:

- "Legislation will require that all costs for use of publically [sic] owned camping areas will be borne as a social cost in much the same way that education is today. [Like, for instance, spelling.]
- "Outdoor recreation equipment such as motorboats, trail bikes and snowmobiles will have 'silent' motors that can be heard only a few feet away.
- "Three-dimensional color television will be commonplace.
- "Underwater 'campgrounds' will be available to scuba enthusiasts.
- "City parks will be enclosed in all-weather protective 'bubbles' during the winter.

- "Food and water containers used by outdoor recreationists [so help us, recreationists] will be designed to decompose rapidly once they are disposed. [Never end a sentence with a preposition.]

- "Man will communicate with certain forms of marine life for recreational purposes."

And certain forms of academic life will thrive as before.

RED'S HOAX

It will be interesting to see how long it takes the other people in the National Basketball Association, more especially the coaches, to appreciate the hoax being perpetrated on them by Coach Red Holzman of the New York Knickerbockers. Red obviously has decided to play a game different from the one the others are playing. Red's game is basketball played by all five men at the same time, his opponents' game—standard NBA ball these days—is for one, two or, at the most, three men to play at one time while the others stand around and watch.

If this is unfair of Red, it is probably true that the Knicks would still be winning the majority of their games if everyone were playing the same way—team basketball or individual style. That's because the Knicks have excellent talent. But it would be much more fun if the other teams caught on to Red's little gimmick, because that's the way the game should be played. As it is, with the season only a third gone, the race in the East has lost its savor. Except for New York fans, of course.

THEY SAID IT

- Governor Claude Kirk of Florida, on the prospect of a Muhammad Ali-Joe Frazier fight in his state: "You know, there was some talk that Mr. Clay lost his title because of politics, instead of due to fistcuffs. And I'd be glad if we could promote a fight in Tampa to settle this."

- Governor Claude Kirk of Florida, after a few days of angry newspaper editorials and other fulminations on the subject: "It comes as a surprise to me that a man who lacks the courage to fight for his country could have the guts to get into the ring. . . I see no reason why an alleged draft dodger should be in a position to lay claim to any title."

END

A GAME WITHIN A GAME

It's the annual rite of picking NFL and AFL all-star teams. But the choices are too often based on reputation. The all-league teams presented here were selected by the assistant coaches, who go by ability **by ROBERT F. JONES**

Would you believe the following:

- An AFL all-star team on which Darvyl Lamonica didn't get a single vote?
- An NFL all-star team on which players from the Central Division filled 10 of the 22 positions?
- An NFL all-star team on which a rookie, Calvin Hill, received more votes than anyone, except Dick Butkus?

Well, sports fans, your credulity is about to be challenged. With the games dwindling down to a precious few and the heavens portending the selection of all-stars, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** for the first time presents All-NFL and All-AFL teams (page 21), from which a random selection of players is pictured on the following pages. These teams include the anomalies listed above—and more.

In many respects, any all-star team resembles the Tucker automobile of 1946: great design, plenty of bright ideas, but perhaps a bit of a con. An all-star team's greatest virtue, however, derives from its gravest fault. Since no all-star team can satisfy every fan, the selections invariably generate winter-long debates—and, to the addict, outraged exception is a game within a game within a game.

Most all-star teams are selected by head coaches (the AFL and NFL All-Star Game squads), sportswriters and sportscasters (AP and UPI) or players (NEA). SI turned to the assistant coaches, offensive and defensive, to compile its teams. Our reasoning: the assistants watch more miles of game film more intensively, forward and backward, than

anyone else; their futures depend on objective analyses, and thus they are less likely to indulge in ax-grinding.

Each team was awarded one vote for each position, and no one was allowed to vote for a member of his own team. If the coaches were unable to agree on a man for a given spot, the vote was fractionalized. In the AFL, Oakland declined to choose a tight end, while in the NFL, Philadelphia didn't pick wide receivers and chose only one defensive back. Atlanta Coach Norm Van Brocklin refused to permit his assistants to choose *anybody*—a decision in keeping with his crotchety character. As one observer has noted: "The last time Norm cooperated in anything was when he emerged from the womb, and even then I'll bet he dragged his feet."

As the voting was tabulated, a number of interesting facts became apparent. In the AFL New York placed six players on the all-star team versus five for Oakland and three for Kansas City, while only Boston wasn't represented. In the NFL fully half of the league's 16 teams—Atlanta, Baltimore, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco and Washington—failed to place a single player. Does this indicate greater balance in the AFL or more partisanship in the NFL?

Quarterback is generally conceded to be the premier position in football, yet in both leagues only three quarterbacks received votes: Joe Namath (7), Len Dawson (2) and Bob Griese (1) in the

AFL; Roman Gabriel (7½), Sonny Jurgensen (6½) and Bill Nelsen (1) in the NFL. Why this near unanimity—and why were such stick-outs as Lamonica, John Brodie, Fran Tarkenton and Joe Kapp overlooked?

There also were some curiosities. Two Dallas centers received votes. Minnesota Cornerback Bobby Bryant got a vote as a safety, which may say something for his ubiquity. On one NFL team four different assistants picked five different cornerbacks. Fourteen NFL guards got votes. This may mean a preponderance of talent at that position, a lack of it or, Jerry Kramer notwithstanding, that no one is sure exactly what the guards are up to.

Two of these NFL guards—Ken Gray and Irv Goode—play for St. Louis, and with a tackle (Ernie McMillan), a center (Bob DeMareo) and Tight End Jackie Smith also getting votes, the Cards have the strongest offensive line in the league by our pollsters' count. (The statistics don't seem to bear this out: St. Louis has the ninth best offense in the NFL.)

Finally, there was the team that picked Sam Walton of the Jets for offensive tackle. Walton played in only six games before being demoted to the taxi squad, whereupon he disappeared. It would be nice to say: Sam Walton, wherever you are, there are a bunch of assistant coaches who think you're just a swell tackle. But, alas, this may not be the case. The team in question called back to say it really meant to vote for Winston Hill. Well, maybe.



NFL: Middle linebacker, Dick Butkus, Chicago



NFL: Safety, Larry Wilson, St. Louis



NFL: Guard, Gene Upshaw, Oakland



NFL: Center, Mick Tingelhoff, Minnesota



AFL: Running back, Floyd Little, Denver

NFL: Linebacker, Dave Robinson, Green Bay



NFL: Wide receiver, Paul Warfield, Cleveland



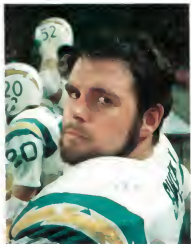


AFL: Wide receiver, Fred Biletnickoff, Oakland

NFL: Defensive tackle, Bob Lilly, Dallas



NFL: Quarterback, Len Barco, Detroit



AFL: Guard, Walt Sweeney, San Diego

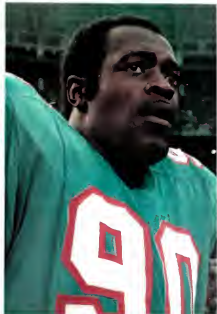




AFL: Defensive tackle, Buck Buchanan, Kansas City



NFL: Quarterback, Roman Gabriel, Los Angeles



AFL: Linebacker, George Webster, Houston

THE ALL-STARS AND THE ALSO-RANS

NFL

OFFENSE			
QUARTERBACK	RUNNING BACKS	CENTER	
Roman Gabriel, LA 7½ S. Jurgensen, Wash 6½ Bill Nelson, Clev 1	Clyde Hill, Dal 11 Gale Sayers, Chi 8½ Leroy Kelly, Clev 2½ T. Woodshick, Phil 2 Larry Smith, LA 1 Ron Johnson, Clev 1 Ken Willard, SF 1 Jim Butler, Atl 1 Bill Brown, Minn 1 Andy Livingston, ND 1	Mick Tingelhoff, Minn 6 Ed Flanagan, Det 2 Len Hauss, Wash 2 Forrest Blue, SF 1 Bob DeMarco, StL 1 Greg Larson, NY 1 Dave Manders, Dal 1 Malcolm Walker, Dal 1	George Kunz, Atl 1 Dick Schaafzath, Clev 1
WIDE RECEIVERS			GUARDS
Paul Warfield, Clev 9 Gene Washington, Minn 5 Charlie Taylor, Wash 4½ Roy Jefferson, Pitt 3 Boyd Dowler, GB 1 Carroll Dale, GB 1 Bob Hayes, Dal 1 Gene Washington, SF 1 Gary Collins, Clev 1 Dave Williams, StL 1 Jimmy Der, Balt ½			Gale Gillingham, GB 7 Gene Henderson, Clev 6½ Tom Mack, LA 5½ John Demaree, Clev 2 Ken Gray, StL 2 Irvin Goode, StL 1 George Seals, Chi 1 Chuck Walton, Det 1 Doug Van Horn, NY 1 John Niland, Dal 1 Larry Gagner, Pitt 1 Ray Schoenke, Wash 1 Joe Scheff, LA ½ Elmer Coffey, SF ½

DEFENSE			
SAFETIES	CORNERBACKS		TACKLES
Larry Wilson, StL 6½ Willie Wood, GB 4½ Mel Renfro, Dal 3 Eddie Meador, LA 2½ Rock Volk, Balt 2½ Paul Krause, Minn 2 Ernie Kellerman, Clev 1½ Mike Howell, Clev 1½ Mike Gaechter, Dal 1 Karl Kussulke, Minn 1 Joe Scarpati, Phil ½ Jerry Logan, Balt 1 Bobby Bryant, Minn 1	Len Barnes, Det 9½ Herb Adderley, GB 4 Cornell Green, Dal 4 Bob Jeter, GB 3½ Jim Johnson, SF 3½ F. Mackhee, Minn 1½ Bobby Bryant, Minn 1 Joe Taylor, Chi 1 Lrich Barnes, Clev ½	Ray Nitschke, GB 1 Lee Roy Jordan, Dal 1	Bob Lilly, Dal 10½ Merlin Olsen, LA 10 Alan Page, Minn 4½ Alex Karras, Det 3½ Joe Greene, Pitt 1 Walter Johnson, Clev 3½
	MIDDLE LINEBACKER	OUTSIDE LINEBACKERS	ENDS
	Dick Butkas, Chi 11½ Tom Nobe, Atl 1½	Chuck Howley, Dal 9 Dave Robinson, GB 8 Dave Wilcox, SF 3 C. Hanburger, Wash 2½ Mike Curtis, Balt 2 Dave Edwards, Dal 1½ Jim Houston, Clev 1½ Larry Stallings, StL 1½ Roy Winston, Minn 1 Jack Pardo, LA ½ Dale Lindsey, Clev ½	Carl Eller, Minn 10½ Deacon Jones, LA 9½ C. Humphrey, Atl 3½ Jim Marshall, Minn 3½ George Andrie, Dal 3

AFL

OFFENSE			
QUARTERBACK	CENTER		
Joe Namath, NY 7 Len Dawson, KC 2 Bob Griese, Miami 1	Jim Otto, Dak 4 Jim Morris, Bos 3 Bob Johnson, Cin 2 John Schmitz, NY 1	Brad Hubbert, SD 1 Jim Nance, Bos 1	Glen Ray Hines, Hou 2 Run Mix, SD 2 Walt Suggs, Hou 2 Ernie Wright, Cin 1
WIDE RECEIVERS	RUNNING BACKS	TIGHT END	GUARDS
Don Maynard, NY 5 Fred Hiteikoff, Oak 4 George Sauer, NY 3 Warren Wells, Dak 3 Lance Alworth, SD 2 Oss Taylor, KC 2 Al Denson, Den 1	Floyd Little, Den 8 Mint Snell, NY 3½ Duke Post, SD 2 Hoyle Granger, Hou 2 Jew Phillips, Cin 1½ Mike Garrett, KC 1	Bob Trammey, Cin 5 Alvin Reed, Hou 2 Willie Frazier, SD 1 Pete Lammons, NY 1	Walt Swearmy, SD 5 Gene Upshaw, Oak 5 Ed Budde, KC 3 Billy Shaw, Buf 3 Randy Rasmussen, NY 2 Mo Moorman, KC 1 Tom Regner, Hou 1
	MIDDLE LINEBACKER	OUTSIDE LINEBACKERS	ENDS
	Nick Bussicenti, Miami 4 Willie Luter, KC 3½ Garland Beyette, Hou 1 Harry Jacobs, Buf 1 Don Conners, Oak ½	James Tyrer, KC 6 Winston Hill, NY 4 Harry Schuh, Oak 3	Mike Stratton, Buf 1½ Ralph Baker, NY 1 Jim Lynch, KC 1 Bill Bergey, Cin ½
SAFETIES	TACKLES		
Dave Grayson, Oak 6 Ken Houston, Hou 5½ Johnny Robinson, KC 4 George Sames, Buf 1 Bobby Hunt, Cin 1 Jim Kearney, KC 1 Kenny Graham, SD 1 George Atkinson, Oak 3½	Booker T. Jackson, Buf 1 Speedy Duncan, SD 1 Bill Thompson, Den 1	John Elliott, NY 4 Houston Antwine, Bos 2 Dave Costa, Den 2 Tom Keating, Dak 2 Dan Redwell, Oak 1 Corky Culp, KC 1 Jim Dunaway, Buf 1 Jim Hunt, Bos 1	Rick Jackson, Den 8 Gerry Philbin, NY 5 Steve Delong, SD 2 Jerry Mays, KC 2 Lvin Bethea, Hou 1 Ike Luster, Oak 1 Ron McDole, Buf 1
CORNERBACKS			
Willie Brown, Oak 8 Butch Byrd, Buf 7 Miller Farr, Hou 2	Back Buchanan, KC 6		

END

E—RUPPTION IN WILDCAT COUNTRY

Adolph Rupp, dean of college coaches, is sick. He is beset by intrigue and politics, too. But his team, off and winning, may be the one that a famous curmudgeon would like to bow out with by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Those constant rumors pervading the fine old picket-fence atmosphere of Lexington, Ky., these days are unsettling enough to cause a man to wonder if Santa Claus really is coming to town.

Adolph Rupp, some say, is deathly ill with diabetes and only hanging on so that Gabriel will call him from the bench rather than the bed; Rupp is not much sick at all, say others, but is cunningly gathering his rosebuds and some sentiment, too, that will allow him to continue coaching forever. Mike Casey, Kentucky's broken-legged shooting star, will miraculously return to the starting lineup any day now; Casey will not play this or any other year in Lexington but will sign a huge contract with the Kentucky Colonels of the ABA. Harry Lancaster, Rupp's longtime assistant, is going around with knives for assorted backs now that he is athletic director and boss and can hold it all over his one-time mentor. Finally, the new coach, if there ever is one, will be Frank Ramsey or Cliff Hagan or Colonel Sanders or Daniel Boone or anyone else except the best and only man for the job, Rupp's bright and articulate assistant, Joe Hall, who has been promised the position.

The truth is far simpler than the gusts of speculation. The Kentucky Wildcats themselves ignore the talk; instead, they are busy proving that once again they are the finest college basketball team in America. While dozens of other good teams have been struggling along these first weeks—many of them winning against opposition that could best be represented by cartoon strips—Kentucky has looked staggeringly impressive in defeating by an average margin of 18 points four schools that should be powers in their own regions later on.

"I know how good Kentucky can be," said North Carolina Coach Dean Smith after losing to the Wildcats 94-87 in Charlotte. "And tonight they were bad. If a team can't beat them on an off night, when are you going to beat them?" Smith has a point. Neither North Carolina nor Kentucky's other three vic-

tims, West Virginia, Kansas and Indiana, have much cause for embarrassment. As old Adolph himself grumbled the other day, in a slightly condescending manner intended to let everyone, including himself, off the hook: "Awggghh, there have been periods when every bounce has gone our way and we've been, awggghh, perfect. Awggghh, hell, we're not out to humiliate anybody."

Be that as it may, last Saturday night, in something less than a "perfect" exhibition, Kentucky bolted to a 74-43 lead against the Hoosiers before succumbing to prosperity and a medium-tough zone, and winning by the relatively humane count of 109-92. This and the other victories were produced by a team whose best backcourt does not even suit up. One of the absentee guards is Casey, an All-Southeastern choice for two years who ran his car into a telephone pole last summer and who now sits there at practice every day looking like a little kid with his nose pressed against the bakery window. The other is Greg Star-
rick, a shooting and passing wizard who is hiding his time at Southern Illinois after transferring in the middle of last season because of friction between himself and Athletic Director Lancaster.

In place of these men, Rupp has gone with two junior redshirts, shooter Terry Mills and passer Jim Dandridge, and he has been held up for questioning because of it. Some observers think that the two sophomore guards, Kent Hockenbeck and Stan Key—the latter a redhead with an alarming facial resemblance to Howdy Doody—are a combination with unlimited potential and should start. Others insist that Bob McCowan, a fiery hustler with more confidence and zest, has to be in the lineup. Veteran Wildcat followers lament the fact that none of them is yet in a class with the Kentucky guards of old; together they have shot only 35 of 89 from the field. So, of course, with his five guards, Adolph Rupp keeps struggling along . . . his team No. 1 in this statistic, No. 1 in that and, naturally, No. 1 in all the polls.

More to the point, Kentucky's strength is up front where skinny, sleepy-eyed Larry Steele has turned into the Wildcats' best defender in years, where Mike Pruitt has emerged from the shadows of illustrious teammates to a deserving place in the All-America picture and where 6'8½" Dan Issel is having little trouble maintaining his reputation as the highest-scoring center around. In Kentucky's opening 105-87 rout of West Virginia, the three combined for 83 points, against North Carolina, Issel and Pruitt scored 68 while Steele was busy holding Charles Scott to 14 until the last five minutes of the game.

But it is taking all of the skills Pratt and Steele can muster to keep a job for themselves. Two more sophomores, 6'6" Tom Parker and 6'7" Randy Noll, would be starting for most other teams, and the 6'8" reserve Center Mark Soderberg, another rookie, is good enough to cause Issel to say, "I don't have to worry about pacing myself anymore. It's good to look over and see Mark and the others on the bench and know there won't be trouble if we come out."

Knowledgeable basketball people had been talking about Kentucky's depth for months before the season opened while nodding their heads and vowing something like "Ok Adolph, he sure does have 'em, all right. But he'll never use 'em. Never has, never will." While it is true that over the years Rupp has held that a team is better off sticking with five men, he has continued to insist that this season will be different.

To date the coach's words have been borne out only partially by his actions. In his single close game, against North Carolina, Rupp substituted only one time that was not forced on him by men fouling out. This development came two days after the Kansas game where his five sophomores, operating as a unit, hit nine of their first 10 shots and expanded the varsity's lead by five to a crushing 115-85 victory.

Though Kentucky's power man, Issel, does not seem to be jumping as well



His swollen feet escaped in white surgical socks. Rupp broods grimly by court-side

as he did during his first two years, he is stronger, shooting better and driving to the basket more. He was married over the summer to cheerleader Chen Hughes, a girl he managed to woo while playing for two seasons without any front teeth. Before his first varsity game, Isel had a tumor removed from the roof of his mouth, ever since, his false teeth have stopped up the hole and impaired his breathing on the court. This season the hole finally was healed, so the teeth are back in. "I was looking much better until I got this," he said last week, pointing to his gashed cheek and bruised eye the result of a collision with a North Carolinian elbow.

Pratt, who is 6' 4" of muscle and dimples, has rebounded as well as Isel and, though overlooked throughout his career, is probably just as important to the Wildcats' success. He is Kentucky's best man against the press, and his moves in the lane are carried out with crowd-pleasing aplomb. Married himself for three years, Pratt is one of Kentucky's three starters enjoying conjugal bliss (the third is Dimondie), a situation invoking some particularly blue comment from Rupp, who has always harbored extreme distaste for young marrieds.

"When a boy's married," Rupp once whined, "his wife is first, his school is second and his basketball is third—and that makes Adolph too damn far down the list." Probably he did not repeat those words at home where his wife, Esther, is among the lovely ladies of the world.

All over Kentucky the big Christmas gift this year for the man who has everything is a long-playing stereo record album about the man who is everything. Produced by the Kentucky hooster club and entitled *Great Moments in Kentucky Basketball*, the record touches the highlights of Rupp's first 39 years at Kentucky, during which he won 810 games, and is a fitting documentary to a man who comes as near to being a legend as anyone college basketball is likely to produce. Unfortunately, it is apparent now more than ever before that Rupp's days at Kentucky are dwindling. For several years a full schedule of speeches and lectures in the off season have combined with strenuous activities during the win-

continued



Team leader Dan Issel grabs rebound from North Carolina's Bill Chamberlain as Terry Mills (31), Larry Steele (35) and Jim Dumas stand by.

E-RUPPTION *continued*

ter to take a heavy toll on his health. Now 68, he has had an advanced case of diabetes for some time, but only this fall did the disease reach dangerous proportions with the occurrence of swelling in his feet. A month ago doctors warned Rupp that one leg might have to be amputated unless he had complete rest. Always an amateur hypochondriac who nevertheless paid little attention to diagnoses, Rupp finally was frightened into obeying, and he has stayed in bed for most of the last few weeks.

He gets up only to be driven to practice each day. When practice is over, he goes right home and back to bed. His diet, including liquor, has been restricted to such things as chicken and fruit, although friends say he still cheats a little. From all accounts he is obtaining the finest care and treatment. However, even longtime Ruppologists are shocked by the Baron's appearance and manner of speaking. He is very gaunt, his face has lost much of its glow and shape and his voice shakes when he is tired.

Still, it is one of the marvelous sights in the game when the old man, in his floppy sport coat, loafers and white sur-

geal socks, shuffles onto the coliseum floor every day at precisely 3:45 and, without a whistle or a clap, without any sound at all, each Wildcat stops shooting and dribbling and silently walks to the center circle to meet him and, of course, stand in awe.

Occasionally now, Rupp will fall victim to memory, such as at a banquet when he meowed up his "Mikes" and spoke of Pratt's (not Casey's) broken leg, or when he had to be cued from the dais on the names of his guards.

In practice the other day he hellowed at Hollenbeck, "Get your shirt on, Hodelbeck," and later shouted to Parker, "Parker, you take uh uh uh. . ." A long silence ensued. Then, pointing at Steele, "You . . . you. Uh, uh. Dammitt, Parker takes your place. Who the hell are you?"

Usually Rupp sits on the sidelines with his feet propped up on a cushioned chair, all craggy-faced and glowering. He is Big Daddy, watching Maggie the Cat and all the little, no-neck monsters running around him, Ebenezer Scrooge, gazing on the spirits of Christmases past. Mostly, though, Adolph Rupp is just

Adolph Rupp imitating himself, for that is the ultimate that is left to him. And that is certainly enough.

After so many years of unparalleled acclaim in the sport it is little wonder that Rupp should want to howl out gracefully and as a champion (the suspicion is that if his current team were to win the NCAA title, he would be satisfied and step down). A certain palace intrigue exists, however, that is making this difficult for him. After the death of Athletic Director Bernie Shively two years ago, a spirited political fight developed for the vacancy between Lancaster and the then-football coach, Charlie Bradshaw. Lancaster had been Rupp's assistant for 21 years—a length of time during which such a relationship hardly could be free of some strain, and a period, some say, when Lancaster took much of the credit for a coaching job that, in truth, Rupp deserved. Whatever the case, Lancaster became acting athletic director and Bradshaw resigned and was replaced by John Ray. While Rupp publicly bucked Lancaster for the permanent job, he was not in favor of his former assistant becoming his boss after so many years, and be-

hind the scenes he worked for Bradshaw's appointment. After a long and bitter struggle that involved the futures of everyone from the next basketball coach to, insiders say, the next governor—Lancaster won in January.

Soon after that, Hall, whom Rupp had publicly supported to be the next coach, left Kentucky to take the coaching job at St. Louis. Hall, who has one of the most fertile minds in the game, was hothoused by reports that Lancaster wanted to name his own man for the job and that the man was not Joe Hall. Furthermore Rupp himself was planning to bring his own son, Herky, a high school coach, onto the scene.

When Hall could not get assurances—including a written statement—that he would be hired as Rupp's successor, he left. When some things were ironed out to his satisfaction, he came back, six days later. Still, as capable a coach as he is, Hall seems to be caught in the middle of the deteriorating relationship between Rupp and Lancaster. "I still can't say it is cut and dried that I will be the next basketball coach," he says.

Hall, 40, played for Rupp in the late 1940s and has been the backbone of the program at Kentucky almost from the day he was hired four years ago; he has recruited every player but one on the team. In this difficult year of Rupp's illness, he has also taken on a major share of the on-the-floor coaching load.

"I try to shovel all the credit on Joe because that is where it belongs," Rupp said the other day while lying in his large four-poster at home. "But over the next two years a lot could happen. There is this division around here, but it would be a damn shame if he didn't get the job."

Worrisome stories, meanwhile, continue to sift out of the team's locker room concerning the handling of the basketball program by the athletic director's office. There are reports that the basketball budget has been trimmed, that a weight-training machine was purchased only after Lancaster first refused to buy it and then found enough money from the sale of "official Wildcat" paintings. Several members of the starting team are bothered that the football locker rooms have been redecorated with carpets all around while the paint in their own tiled dressing room chips away. They are concerned that the sports editor of the student newspaper, as well

as Casey, their fallen leader, has had his complimentary game tickets denied him. They are also angry that Casey cannot travel to away games Casey's father, Dutch, almost came to blows with Lancaster last year over his son's allotment of tickets. Then there is the Great Desert Fiasco.

In Charlotte the day before the North Carolina game, a waitress asked Claude Vaughan, the Kentucky trainer, if the team members could have dessert.

"Yes," said Vaughan, who handles that sort of thing.

"What kind?" asked the waitress.

"Any kind they want, just like always," said Vaughan.

"What?" said Lancaster. "What do you mean, any kind they want? They all will have the same."

"Some of them don't want the same thing," said Vaughan.

"What?" said Lancaster. "Who's running this show, you or the players?"

"Sometimes I wonder," said Vaughan. "I thought I was."

This exchange, in a public dining room and in full view of the team, did little to assuage the feelings of the players.

"I don't think the No. 1 team in the country should have to go last class," says one starter. "Lancaster is bitching about an extra 50¢ dessert and he's over there drinking some \$1.50 Lowenbrau. We know the tension around here, we just can't be bothered if we're going to keep winning. But basketball is Casey's life. And what Lancaster did to him about those tickets is plain rotten."

"This whole thing is silly," says Lancaster. "The boys go through the line and take what they want. If someone's hoggin' it, I circle his name and Coach Rupp handles it. I don't know where the players get their information about the budget. The basketball budget is up \$36,000 here. The meal situation is the same as it's always been. The equipment situation is the same. As for carpets for the football team, John Ray went out and raised the money. Mr. Rupp is responsible for the ticket allotment. Mr. Rupp is responsible for which players travel with the team."

Casey has another version. "I don't care if you quote me or not," he says. "I went in and asked Lancaster why I didn't get four tickets anymore and why I couldn't go on trips. I've given this school two pretty good years. I think. He just said 'You're not a player any-

more.' I understand the money problems, but after a man like that spends 21 years with the basketball team, it just seems funny to me that all of a sudden he switches and starts cutting things off. I think some questions ought to be asked. He's just stabbing us in the back."

When he heard all of this, Rupp immediately came to the defense of Lancaster—as he has always done in public—and took the blame for Casey's frustration upon himself. But it is no secret that animosity simmers beneath the surface and that Adolph Rupp is averse to a showdown that would bedevil the conclusion of his career.

The other day Joe Hall was eating lunch in the faculty dining room when Dr. James Martin professor emeritus of business administration, sat down.

"Your boys are acting like they want to be famous," said Martin.

"Well, you never know," said Hall. "They could get homesick, or have a fight with their girl friends, and we'd have a bad game."

"Well, they aren't going to get homesick during that pre-Christmas controversy, are they?" Martin asked.

"Controversy?" asked Hall.

"The UKIT," said Martin, referring to Kentucky's tournament. "Now, Joe, don't tell me Coach Rupp and the boys are so good that their games are no longer controversies?"

The Wildcats of Kentucky are almost that good. Their major controversies so far have been completely off the court.

END



Rupp eases pain by wrapping foot on a pillow

KNUTE WOULD HAVE AGREED, ARA

In 1925 Knute Rockne, Notre Dame's enduring saint, took the Irish to their last bowl game. Last, that is, until now. Ara Parseghian, in true Rockne style, has chosen the Cotton and top-ranked Texas **by DAN JENKINS**

When Notre Dame stunningly resolved to play in a bowl game for the first time in more than four decades, or since that national championship team of Harry Pestilence, Don Famine, Sleepy Jim Death and Elmer War galloped out to Pasadena in 1925, Athletic Director Moose Krause mentioned the modern convenience of jet travel as one of the small reasons for the university's decision. This, in turn, as South Bend might have guessed, led a number of us stubborn Notre Dame teasers into the same gag: that the Fighting Irish may have invented college football glamour, but it seems to have taken them 45 years to discover the airplane.

It is more fun to joke about the Irish, of course, than it is to play them a game of football, the main reason being that Notre Dammers take their spirit and their winning so seriously. Notre Dame has never been one of those schools you go looking up if you hope to beat somebody. In these 45 seasons that Notre Dame has avoided postseason play, all the campus has produced is 11 more teams that won national championships (in some poll or another), nine teams that went undefeated, eight that lost only one game, 16 that lost only two games, more than 100 All-America selections and six Hesseman Trophy winners.

Thus, Notre Dame simply has to pardon all of its trampled victims of the years for giggling now about the fact that its academic standards at long last have reached such excellence that it can spare a few days off during the holidays to play a game for \$350,000. To be fair, one should add that all this while most Notre Dame exes and members of its far-flung subway-bus-streetcar-speedboat-and-convertible alumni have felt that the Irish should always have been going to bowl games. And rightly so.

Had it done so in the years since Knute Rockne took his Four Horsemen and Seven Mules out to the Rose Bowl to whip up on Ernie Nevers and Stanford on the first day of 1925, the in-

situation, it is safe to say, would be infinitely wealthier and its number of victories would be even heavier than it is. A peek at the record indicates that probably 20 Notre Dame teams could have gone howling between 1925 and this season. And a modest estimate of what this might have been worth is between \$2 and \$4 million, not to overlook all of those extra opportunities to sing the *Victory March* and recruit.

The logic behind Notre Dame's refusal to participate in postseason play all of this time is known only to those faculty men in South Bend who have been responsible. More than likely it was based on the fact that in the 1920s Rockne's one trip took almost a month, going and coming, by train. But there can hardly be any excuses for the policy existing after World War II when modern transportation, either on the ground or in the sky, made it possible for both the squad and its student fans to attend a bowl and miss no classwork.

The continuation of the policy probably results from a misguided notion that participation in a bowl game would make Notre Dame look like a football factory. Football, of course, has done a great deal for Notre Dame—far more than anything else. Nor is there much wrong with this, except that there happen to be those within the bright glare of the Golden Dome who do not like to admit it.

Actually, for whatever the reasons, Notre Dame has quite possibly rendered a kind and philanthropic service to a great many other schools by staying out of bowl games. A number of teams in the past would not have gone to so many postseason games had the Irish been available. It almost goes without saying that there are bowl sponsors among us who would tap dance and strum the bongo to get Notre Dame with even a 5-5 record. Such is the drawing power of its wildly loyal fandom, whose box-office tendencies have prompted Beano Cook, once of rival Pittsburgh and now

of the television industry, to observe, "Notre Dame is the only team in the country that never plays a road game."

Several explanations were put forth as to why Notre Dame chose this interlude in its glorious history to play a postseason game—the Cotton Bowl—against, as it happens, No. 1 Texas. One was that, since this was the centennial year of the sport, South Bend had a built-in excuse for reseeding, momentarily, its bowl policy. This was better than nothing. At least every 100 years some lucky bowl could expect to land the Irish. Another explanation was that Coach Ara Parseghian had been lobbying for bowl participation ever since he got there in 1964 and finally had rounded up enough strength on the board of regents, which had been enlarged to include a number of football-minded laymen, to swing it. Like any other coach, Ara knew the benefits of bowl play—recognition of the squad for a good regular season, a chance to make whoopee in the ratings and a splendid opportunity to recruit a specific area of the country.

But, as it turned out, the real reason that Notre Dame lifted its bowl ban was money. The road to the decision was laid as early as last June when the financial committee on scholarship and discovered it needed help. Notre Dame already was up to its statue of Moses in fund drives totaling \$52 million, and, thus, some other source of revenue would be required to aid a program for underprivileged students. The committee thought of a bowl game as one possibility, believing, naturally, that Ara's team would do no worse than 8-1-1.

Then, rather surprisingly, when this was suggested to the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, the president, a man who had never encouraged bowl talk, he said, "Let's think about it," dropping the hard line for the first time and offering en-

—continued

Parseghian may not be a Rockne yet, but bowl exposure will lend added luster to his image.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERNARD TUDIS



encouragement to all those Notre Dames who had long sought bowl play.

In late September the athletic board talked informally in favor of a bowl bid, and in late October the alumni board unanimously endorsed the recommendation and sent a committee to Father Hesburgh with the news. About this time, of course, word was being leaked around the world that Notre Dame might be interested in a bowl, but most postseason sponsors paid little attention, mumbling to themselves, "We've been down that road before, and we don't want to blow Penn State or Missouri on the basis of a rumor."

Comes now the drama of how the Cotton Bowl got the Irish when it was working double time to grab Penn State, hoping to arrange the only bowl game that would make any sense, since Ohio State was out of things—No. 2 Texas or Arkansas against No. 3 Penn State—with the faint, dim, desperate possibility that this game could match No. 1 against No. 2 if somehow the Buckeyes lost to either Purdue or Michigan.

The adventure began on Nov. 12 when the race seemed to be between the Cotton and the Orange for Penn State. At the time it appeared that Penn State could have its choice of the undefeated Texas-Arkansas winner in Dallas or then undefeated Tennessee in Miami. The Vols had yet to lose to Ole Miss.

On that day in Dallas, a Wednesday, a man named Field Scovell, the vice-president of Southland Life Insurance and co-chairman of the Cotton Bowl Selection Committee, got a phone call from Ed Haggard Jr., a Notre Dame alumnus in Dallas, who said that the Irish wanted to go to a bowl. Phooey, said Scovell, who got in touch with Ed Haggard Sr. to check out his son's information. "He knows more about it than I thought he did," came the father's reply.

Further checking revealed that Notre Dame might prefer the Orange Bowl against Penn State for a lot of reasons—good trip, nighttime TV, big exposure with the Eastern press. "This made us wonder what had happened to Tennessee," Scovell says. "We heard the Orange Bowl had Tennessee and Penn State in bed together. But we decided to go after Penn State, anyway, unless Notre Dame was really serious."

On Friday, Nov. 14, Scovell and Wilbur Evans, the executive director of the Southwest Conference, fought their way



How does a coach prepare his team for the big game, the one it has waited for all season, the one that will be seen by 73,000 spectators and by 40 million TV watchers? Well, if the coach is Miss Gussie Nell Davis of Kilgore College (above), she begins by teaching each member how to sit, stand and walk, how to keep rhythm, poise and balance and how to smile, smile, smile. Gussie Nell, you see, is in charge of the Kilgore (Texas) Rangerettes, who will perform at halftime in the Cotton Bowl.

The Rangerettes' preparations for the halftime show began on Aug. 10 when 173 girls showed up for tryouts. By the time Gussie Nell had put them through her own version of a Vince Lombardi training camp, the group had been cut down to 65. Of these, 48 perform in the "line," five officers serve "out front" and the rest—a sort of taxi squad—fill in for those who don't maintain a C average, who hit a slump or who cannot take the grind. Rangerettes compete for berths by going through five-day-a-week September-through-May workouts that prepare them for 45 shows annually.

"Every day is a blitz," says Miss Davis, a 5' 2 1/2", 94-pound sprite who has better moves than most flankerbacks. Just the other day she was seen vaulting a four-foot-high fence to save a few steps. Since 1939 she and her teams have traveled more than 1,000,000 miles to put on some 1,200 shows. They have strutted and stepped at the Cotton Bowl for two decades and have enlivened the Macy's

DON'T TURN OFF THE TV AT HALFTIME

Thanksgiving Day parade since 1967.

Gussie Nell's first job was as phys. ed. instructor and pep team coach at Greenville (Texas) High School in 1928. Pep in Greenville meant letting a few pigeons escape from a box during football games. Gussie changed that routine fast, organizing the Haming Flashies and beginning a new art form. "There were drill teams before, but none that used dance steps," she explains. Now there are hundreds of drill and dance teams throughout the country.

In 1939 she got a call from the president of Kilgore, who was fed up with seeing football crowds vanish at halftime. So Gussie Nell came to town, and now folks in Kilgore brag as much about the Rangerettes as about Van Cliburn, who grew up there and went to the college, or about its 1,000 oil wells.

Rangerette precision is unparalleled. Once a girl dropped her pompons and another wore two left boots, but those are the gravest errors on record. No scholarships are given to the girls, who have come from almost all 50 states, because, as Gussie says, being a Rangerette is an honor within itself. Indeed, the pride among the Rangerettes, whose name and red, white and blue uniforms are copyrighted, is impressive. They exhort one another to work harder, kick higher and not to complain, even when they must practice by moonlight.

Gussie Nell watches out for her girls, as a former assistant football coach at Kilgore learned after dating one of them. "I've been chewed out by Bear Bryant and by other coaches all over the country, but I never got chewed out like I did by Gussie Nell," he said.

Gussie has been left speechless only once—on the night of the very first Rangerette show. At halftime of the football game that evening the stadium lights were turned out as her girls filed onto the field. Then the sky was ignited by a fireworks display, the lights flashed on and there were the Rangerettes doing their stuff. But no one made a sound. Gussie Nell trembled. Before long, though, the stunned crowd began applauding—as it has been ever since.

—HERMAN WILKINS

continued



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in planes and cars through snowstorms to Penn State for the Nittany Lions' game against Maryland, fully prepared to issue an invitation to Coach Joe Paterno at noon on Monday, the official date that bowl invitations could be tendered. All the while, however, they were talking by phone to their deployed Notre Dame watchers and feelers.

On Friday night at Penn State, Paterno told the Texans that he personally favored the Cotton but that he felt his team probably wanted to go back to the Orange Bowl. He said they would vote on Sunday. "Our only case was that we'd have a higher ranked team, either Texas or Arkansas, for them to play," Scovell says. "But in all that snow I could sort of understand voting for the sunshine."

The following day Tennessee got stung by Ole Miss, and every bowl except the Gator lost interest in the Vols. Ohio State crushed Purdue and remained No. 1. Texas remained No. 2, Arkansas three, Penn State four.

Had Joe Paterno wanted to gamble at this point, or wanted to keep his team more than alive in the trot for No. 1, he could have enticed his players to vote for the Cotton. At least by doing this he would have been certain of meeting the No. 2 team and possibly the No. 1 team if Ohio State were upset by Michigan. Besides this, who was to say that all of the awardgivers of a national championship, those that would wait until after the bowls to decide—the Football Writers, the AP and Helms—might not favor an impressive 11-0 team over Ohio State's 9-0, and especially if Michigan played the Buckeyes a close contest?

As far as the Cotton Bowl was concerned, a Penn State in the hand was a better than a Notre Dame in the rumor. But, alas, the feeling sank through to Scovell and Evans that Penn State was lost. So they spent all day Sunday telephoning Notre Dame friends and getting ripples of encouragement. The day passed, Sunday did, with Scovell and Evans wondering how Penn State had voted, while calls came from Notre Dame pals, offering such intriguing phrases as, "It's warming up . . ." "The Irish prefer the highest rated teams possible. . . ." "They like the conference tie-up of the Cotton as opposed to a purely commercial bowl sponsor. . . ." "It's really getting hot. . . ." "You'd better haul it to South Bend. . . ."

Field Scovell remembers. "When you hear you've got a real chance to get Notre Dame for the first time in 45 years, you don't care about anything else."

Scovell and Evans hauled it. They left Penn State at 6 p.m. Sunday, still not knowing—indeed, not caring—how the Nittany Lions voted. They drove in a hazzard to Pittsburgh, got lost once, flew to Chicago, slept three hours, flew to South Bend, couldn't land, circled and held, finally landed, whereupon Scovell rushed to a phone to call Father Edmund Joyce, the executive vice-president of Notre Dame, who had been much in favor of the game.

"The ring bearer is here," Scovell said to Father Joyce, "and I sure do need a finger to put it on."

The happiest words Scovell had heard in weeks came from Father Joyce, "You have nothing to worry about," he said.

The Cotton Bowl probably would have wound up with LSU, a 9-1 team that is going nowhere, had it guessed wrong on Notre Dame. And it would then have had perhaps the least attractive game of all. Tough, but dull. Meanwhile, the other bowls didn't do half bad. The Orange has a splendid game between Penn State (10-0) and Missouri (9-1), the Gator locked into Tennessee (9-1) and Florida (8-1-1); and even the Sugar can look forward to a great deal of excitement from Arkansas (9-1) and Ole Miss (7-3), which exhibits Irish Archie Manning III. The Rose was set all along with the Pacific Eight winner against the Big Ten runner-up, but Pasadena suddenly got charmed when Michigan (8-2) became a co-champion instead of a runner-up by shocking the Buckeyes. Now USC (9-0-1) has somebody to get emotionally up for.

Above all, however, Texas-Notre Dame is the glamour game. If there is any suspense left in the fight for No. 1—Texas has already received the UPI and Hall of Fame awards—it will be in Dallas before the revved-up 73,000 who crowd into the Cotton Bowl.

This is not Ara Parseghian's best team from South Bend, but it is a solid one, big and rugged, with Mike McCoy and other beasts up front, with better running than any of Ara's teams except 1966. Quarterback Joe Tossomann, who is a little on the order of Texas' James Street, is good enough to have tied USC twice and, with the exception of losing

early to Purdue, he is good enough to have thrashed every other foe this season. Notre Dame will not have the quickness or dazzle that Texas found against Arkansas, but it will have the same rage and determination. The two teams had a common foe in Navy. Texas won by 56-17, but Notre Dame won by 47-0.

A Notre Dame victory is never surprising, yet Texas is better than many believe who have only the Arkansas television game on which to judge Darrell Royal's Longhorns. Texas should have a quickness overall that the Irish are unaccustomed to—a quickness that could not be detected in the Arkansas game because the Porkers were just as alert and agile. A bowl veteran, Texas should perform like the deserving No. 1 team that it is. James Street, after all, with the help of Steve Worster, Cotton Speyrer and others, has never lost a game.

Should Notre Dame win, however, and should this victory be accompanied by, say, a Missouri win over Penn State and a Michigan win over USC, no No. 1 pretender would remain unbeaten. The postbowl vote would, in such case, become viceroy inter-est-ing, and Ohio State, sitting by the fire, would become a contender all over again.

It would be messy, in brief. And mostly thanks to Notre Dame, which, in any event, has already given the howls a glow they don't always have.

END



Father Edmund Joyce pushed for a bowl.

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR



TOM SEAVER



by WILLIAM LEGGETT

During the fall of 1960, which was almost a decade ago, the game of baseball suffered two cruel blows. The New York Yankees took their 70-year-old rubber-faced manager, Casey Stengel, to a press conference at Le Salon Bleu of the Savoy Hilton Hotel and announced that after winning 10 pennants in 12 years he had decided to commence his retirement. And in Boston, Theodore Samuel Williams, after 19 years, 521 home runs, two wars and a lifetime batting average of .344, decided that it was time for him to depart. We were all duly told that "we would not see their like again."

So now it is a cool fall afternoon in 1969; the '60s are just about behind us. Bunting is hanging from box seats in a place called Shea Stadium in Flushing, New York. A team called the New York Mets, which had not even existed in 1960, is one victory removed from winning the baseball championship of the whole astonished universe. Seated on the third-base side of the stadium is Ted Williams. Browned and handsome, he has just completed a spectacular rookie season as, of all things, the *manager* of the Washington Senators. Casey Stengel sits on the first-base side in a green Tyrolean hat with a feather in it, clapping his hands and chanting, "Let's go, Mets!" For four years after the Yankees retired him Casey had managed the Mets, been their Pied Piper Svengali and one-man band, encouraging what he called "the youth of America" to come and play for the "Amazing" Mets. Eventually young men of talent did ar-

rive, and because of them the game of baseball may live happily ever after—or at least another year or two.

Of all the upsets and improbabilities that highlighted sport in the 1960s, the victory of the Mets is likely to be remembered longer than any. Laughed at, ridiculed and adored during seven years of unequalled incompetence, the Mets became the only expansion team ever to attain a championship in a major sport. What is more, their ultimate victory came at the expense of the Baltimore Orioles, the best American League team of the decade.

The success of the Mets not only inspired a snowfall of ticker tape in New York City—such things are routine in pennant-winning towns, though Manhattan's 1,832.6-ton total was, interly, baseball's record—it triggered an unexpected national response. From the Hudson to the hinterlands people turned the Met victory into a national cliché of hope: "If the Mets can win, anything can happen." Thus the Mets, the decade's symbol of megalomania, ended the '60s as the darlings of baseball—and more.

Who was responsible, in addition to the glorious fates, which so regularly offer up to sport the stimulation of the totally unexpected? Who typifies the deed?

One candidate would be Gil Hodges, who not many years before was standing on first base in a Met uniform watching with bemusement the deeds of his preposterous playmates. Few men have been replaced at first by Marvin Throne-

berry and then come back to manage a team to the most improbable of championships. Hodges exercised consummate skill in achieving the feat, balancing talent here, desire there, and all the while sitting expressionless in his corner of the dugout as if the victories that piled up one upon the other before his unwavering eyes were exactly what he had expected.

But Hodges is of the old order, and the Mets are not. Their achievement must be attested to by other terms: by youth, by verve, by personality, by conviction, by naïveté and finally by rare talent where it counted most—on the field. That is why George Thomas Seaver (*see cover*), a 25-year-old man-child from Fresno, Calif., is 1969's Sportsman of the Year.

Because of the surprise that attended the Met's championship, the role played by Tom Seaver throughout the season was lost to a degree amid the tearing up of Shea Stadium turf and the squaring of champagne on mayors, celebrities, television announcers and millionaires. A reminder is in order. Seaver won 25 regular-season games, plus one playoff game and one World Series game when he was decidedly not at his sharpest. He became the youngest National League pitcher in 34 years to win as many as 25 games (*Dizzy Dean* was the last). He won the Cy Young Award as the best pitcher in the National League and had more victories than anyone through a season that produced 15 pitchers with 20 wins or more.

During 1969 Seaver ran off winning

continued

streaks of eight and 10 games, which helped spare the Mets any long losing sieges, but win or lose he brought some very special characteristics to an unusually young baseball team. He expected to win, and he expected his team to win. Yet he had a way of handling defeat that helped everyone. An icy realist about many things, he had no use for alibis. When he pitched a bad game, he would say he was lousy. If others were lousy, he attempted to break the mood. After a horrendous Met exhibition in Pittsburgh, Seaver looked around the clubhouse and noticed his teammates' discouragement. He rapped for attention, stood on a chair and said, "Gentlemen, after watching that performance I would like to take this opportunity to announce my retirement from the game of baseball." Once when he thought the bench was too quiet during a game he walked along the dugout plucking spiders from the cool walls and throwing them in the laps of the silent. Seaver could get away with this, of course, only because he had earned the respect of the Mets with his talent and attitude—but, having won the respect, he made maximum use of it.

In his three years with the Mets, Seaver has won 59 games, but it must be remembered that in his first two seasons he played on teams that were a symphony of incompetence. He went to New York's spring training camp in St. Petersburg, Fla. in February of 1967 with only one year of professional work behind him. "I had no time limit set for making it to the major leagues," he says, "but I believed that eventually I would get there because I felt I was good enough. There were no self-declarations that if I did not make it in two or three years I would quit and try something else. None of that. At training camp I was ready to be sent back to the minors if the Mets felt I needed the extra work. I was perfectly willing to accept that, because I believed in the absolute integrity of major league baseball. To be honest about it, I had not been overly impressed by myself during my first year in pro ball at Jacksonville. A record which shows you win only as many games as you lose [12-12] is not one you can accept or be happy with."

But following a strong spring training

performance the Mets decided Seaver was good enough for them. In his first five big-league starts the Mets won four times. But more important for him and the Mets, Seaver instinctively rejected certain attitudes he detected on the team. "When I came to the Mets," he says, "there was an aura of defeatism on the team; a feeling of let's get it over with. I could not accept that. Being brought up in California, I was unaware of the legend of Marvellous Marv Throneberry. That lovable loser stuff was not funny to me. I noticed that the team seemed to play better when I pitched but, dammit, that wasn't right and I said so. I probably got a few people mad, but I went around and told the guys that if they did that for me and not for somebody else it was wrong. People pay money to see professional baseball played well and they put their emotions into it, too."

Seaver's feelings suggested, and rightly, that something in his baseball background was unusual. To the top of the sport, where men are men and pros are pros and all the world knows it, he brought some strange, old-fashioned, all-American boy attitudes.

"When the Mets were formed and baseball expanded from eight teams to 10 I was against it as a traditionalist," he recalls. His favorite team was the Milwaukee Braves and his favorite player was Henry Aaron. "Henry was always first with me, and I don't find it strange at all that a white boy who wanted to become a major league pitcher identified with a black hitter. I thought of Aaron as excellence. He was so much fun to sit and watch because he was consistent, dedicated and yet capable of making the game look so easy to play. Confidence flowed out of him, and I memorized his every move. Aaron has his own way of doing things, totally unlike any other hitter."

Two other players fascinated Seaver—Stan Musial and Sandy Koufax. "Once," he says, "at a game in the old Seals Stadium in San Francisco, I saw Musial have a bad day. Four straight times he grounded out to first, but every time he sprinted down the line as hard as he could go. Now, when I see some guy not hustling it angers me and I think of Musial on that day.

"Koufax was special, too. I sat in the bleachers watching him one day and he got knocked out in the first inning, one of the few times in his life that happened. Walt Alton came out to replace him, and Sandy just walked off, but he showed so much class in the way he did it. He knew he would be back four days later and things would be different. Four days later I went back, and Koufax was just fantastic. Koufax was the pitcher I wanted to be like.

"In my first year with the Mets I finally got a chance to meet Koufax. He was announcing The Game of the Week, and I saw him standing on the other side of the batting eye before the game. I wanted to go over and introduce myself but I couldn't do it. I thought it would be rude to force myself on him. I needed some kind of excuse. Pretty soon a ball rolled near him, and I hurried over and picked it up. 'Sandy,' I said, 'my name is Tom Seaver.' Before I could say anything else, he said, 'Yes, I have heard an awful lot of good things about you.' I am really sorry I never got a chance to pitch against Koufax."

In May of his first season Seaver faced Henry Aaron. This was more testing. "I could not make my mind believe this was reality," he says. "I got Aaron to hit into a double play his first time up and I struck him out the second. The third time he hit a two-run homer to tie the game and we lost it later. I'll never forget that. Damn!"

Seaver's competitive baseball career began as early as it possibly could have. His mother remembers looking out the back window of their home in Fresno when Tom was only 3 years old and seeing him playing phantom ball games with two imaginary friends, George and Charlie. Tom would argue, jump up and down and run bases. Tom's father, Charles Seaver Sr., now a vice-president with the Bonner Packing Company, was a two-handicap golfer at the age of 15 and later played football and basketball at Stanford in addition to golf. In 1930 he came within a hole of making it to the final round of the U.S. Amateur championship and a chance to meet Bobby Jones in Jones' last match before his retirement. Two years later he won the Stanford championship by beating Lawson Little and he was named to the Walker Cup team captained by Francis

continued

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Quimet. On weekends Charlie Seaver and his wife would go golfing at the Sunnyside Country Club in Fresno, and Tom, his sisters and his brother would be taken along. "When you are the fourth child in a family," his mother says, "you probably have to be a little tougher to survive."

Of the other three Seavers, Katie was a good volleyball player and swimmer at Stanford; Charles Jr. was a swimmer on the University of California varsity; and Carol majored in physical education at U.C.L.A. This left only one big college in California without a Seaver on its rolls, so Tom went to USC on an athletic grant-in-aid.

"Our family was always competitive," Tom says. "Even when my father was working around the house he wanted perfection, and he tried to insult that striving in us, too. I learned a real respect for the value of work, not as a means—not just for the money it can bring you—but for the pleasure of doing something as well as you can, as near perfectly as you can. I wish today that I could use the same amount of concentration on other things that I put into pitching, but if I could I would not enjoy baseball as much as I do. The thing I appreciate about the game is that it is one of the few places left where a person like myself can show his individuality."

It is, more than anything else, the striving for excellence that Seaver transmitted to his teammates. He became their leader by setting them a rare example: Two small students display this aspect of Seaver. He had planned, on winning his 20th game, to celebrate by taking his wife Nancy out for an expensive dinner. But he was on No. 20 as the first game of a doubleheader against Philadelphia. The Mets then lost the second game, and Seaver saw no reason to celebrate. He and his wife dined at a hamburger stand.

About a month later, when almost all of the impossible had happened and the Mets had just beaten Atlanta to win the National League championship, there was the usual wild celebration in the dressing room. Seaver stayed a few

minutes, but then slipped out to find a television set where he could watch Baltimore beating Minnesota. He thought he might spot a point or two about the Orioles hitters.

This, and the Seaver who says he'll accept almost anything the Mets want to pay him next year because he can't think about pitching if he has to worry about money arguments, and the Seaver who avoids the banquet circuit because he feels too many outside interests hurt ball-players, and the Seaver who would have gone to spring training on a certain date

to see if the Mets were real. For eight innings that night Seaver did not allow a Cub on base while striking out 11 of them. Three times he received standing ovations at the end of innings, and as he went out to begin the ninth the crowd stood for him once more. "When I got on the mound," he says, "I suddenly felt my arms somehow being lifted upward, just as if I had pressed them against the sides of a doorway for a long period of time."

Seaver got the first out by fielding a bunt by the leadoff hitter, but then gave up a single to rookie Junior Qualls. Gone was the perfect game, but Seaver's performance in New York's 4-0 win had shown Met fans that the time had finally come to root for their team instead of laughing at it.

That night—Seaver now calls it the night of "my imperfect game"—Bud Harrelson, the Mets' young shortstop and Seaver's roommate, was with his Army Reserve unit at Camp Drum in upstate New York. Harrelson went to a bar in the nearby city of Watertown and, while watching the game and Seaver's performance on television, began to have an unprofessional reaction to what was happening.

"It was like I was being pulled into the set," he says.

"I had so much pride in the team and in Tom that I guess I kind of lost my head a little. When he went out to pitch the ninth inning I did something only a kid is supposed to do. I turned around to a guy standing next to me and said, 'Hey, I know him. I know Tom Seaver, Tom Seaver is a friend of mine.'"

By the time the 1969 baseball season was over, a large number of Americans were having the same kind of reaction to both Seaver and his Mets. The Mets excited them. The Mets cheered them. The Mets were friends. The Mets, in fact, were the only possible ending to a decade of wondrous performances, surprises, shocks. Sport—as the following pages show—had never seen anything like the '60s. But what better way to go into the '70s than to be borne there by the Mets?

END



Tom and wife Nancy, a winning couple in a portrait of success.

this year even if there had been a baseball players' strike, and the Seaver who says, "The happiness of baseball is its competitiveness, that is what I love about the game," are all one young pitcher. But so is the Seaver who throws spiders and gets in water fights with the Shea Stadium ground crew—which is why he is the man-child of the Mets.

If perfection is Seaver's goal—and already some consider him a little too perfect to be true—he came close to baseball's version of it on the one night last season that may well have made the Mets. The city of New York had gone without a significant National League baseball game for a dozen years when on July 9 Seaver took the mound to work against the league-leading Chicago Cubs. New York was only four games behind Chicago, and the biggest crowd in the history of Shea Stadium was out

There Were No Greener Pastures





"They came to play," the announcer is forever saying, and let that sum up sport in the '60s. Through a decade that will not be remembered as the best of times, sport was at its best by far. Never had so many played, never had so many cheered new leagues, new teams, new records, new pleasures, new ways of life. Television, leisure time, increased income and more need to be amused caused epic changes in U.S. sport. The ultimate symbol of it all became the violent splash made by professional football—symbolic even as science lays down its artificial turfs and scenes like the one at left vanish into history. The picture bespeaks the '60s, as do the sportsmen and the moments shown on the following pages.

The Record Beyond Compare

There were 40,000 in the stadium at Mexico City, but there was no warning for them that this instant 3:46 of the afternoon of Oct. 18, 1968 of the third Olympics of the decade, was to be the one moment of them all. Thus, few were actually watching when skinny Bob Beamon, 22, 6' 3", 160 pounds, approached his takeoff point and leaped. Olympic records

are improved only by the smallest of increments, so when Beamon landed a stunning two feet beyond the old mark he performed a feat unanticipated for decades to come. His distance was 29' 2½". When he learned of the magnitude of his achievement he sank to his knees in awe. Russia's Igor Ter-Ovanesyan said it best: "The rest of us are children."





Golden Boys in a Glittering Game

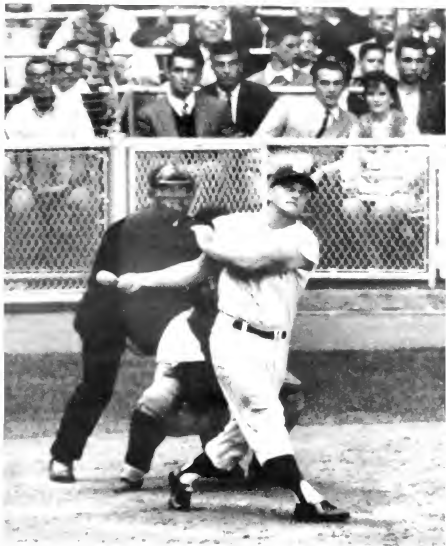


Pro football ruled the land, and two gussy bachelors stood fast—and tall—against those who sought to turn the sport into an automated machine. Paul Hornung was first, and though his venue was only Green Bay he managed to be almost as contro-

versial—and beloved—as Joe Namath did in more libertine times with all Broadway at his feet. Both tweaked the Establishment, and Pete Rozelle returned the foot to football, kicking Paul out for a year and booting unrepentant Joe from his saloon.



Two Stars, but Only One Hit

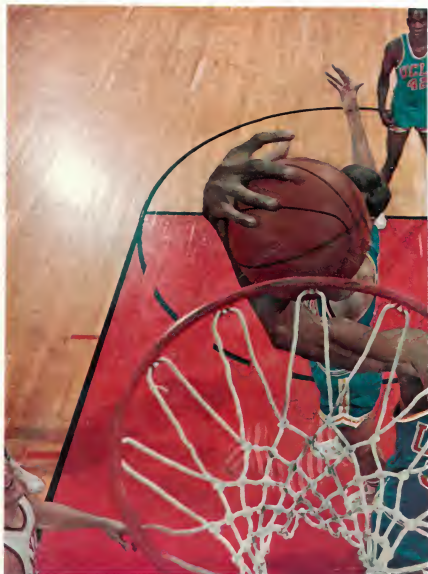




Their achievements were baseball's best in the '60s, yet for one it was an ache in the elbow and for the other a pain in the neck. Yankee Roger Maris broke Babe Ruth's record with the swing at left, but his 61st home run turned into 61 and the pressure of the chase left Maris and baseball's fans oddly at odds. By contrast, Sandy Koufax was revered for his feats. Perhaps the best lefthander of all time, the uncompplaining Dodger pitched and hurt for seasons. His valedictory after his last game (below) was typical: "I don't regret one minute of the last 12 years." Neither did his fans.



Where the High Were the Mighty

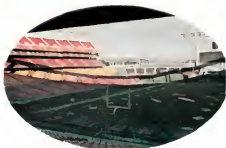




Basketball developed its own beat generation—Boston and UCLA beat everybody all the time. The Bruins grew bigger, progressing to the ultimate of Lew Alcindor (left), who took them to three straight titles, while the Celtics used young John Havlicek (below) and old Bill Russell (above) to give the likes of Jerry West and Wilt Chamberlain a decade of frustration.



The Sporting Sixties As Sculptured In Concrete



San Diego Stadium (\$27.5 million) was constructed primarily with football in mind, and baseball attendance suggests the priority was correct. Opened in 1967, it is a horseshoe topped by a ring of lights—no poles.

Shea Stadium (\$25.5 million), below, was named for the lawyer whose efforts returned the National League to New York. The Mets came there in 1964 and still rule the public facility, treating the fans like interlopers.



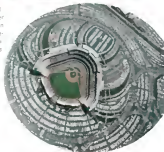
Anaheim Stadium (\$24 million) above patterned after Dodger Stadium lured the Angels away from Los Angeles to suburban Disneyland. It was one of the 10 major league ball parks built during the decade.



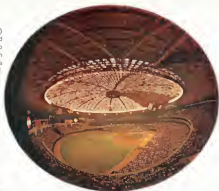
Dodger Stadium (\$18 million) right may be the last park ever built by a private individual. Finished in 1962, Walter O'Malley's spotless baseball showcase has seldom been criticized except by would-be sluggers.



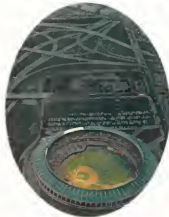
Candlestick Park (\$14.5 million), left, is the oldest of the new, dating to 1960. Famed for its wild winds, it is about to be enlarged, though San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto says his city is "perpetuating a mediocrity."



The Astrodome (\$31.5 million) has attracted hundreds of events and uncounted dreamy-eyed imitators who want one for their city, too. Open since 1965, it inaugurated the era of artificial grass with its AstroTurf.



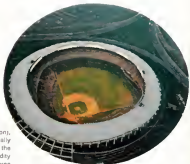
Atlanta Stadium (\$18 million) was a circular rush job thrown up in 31 weeks so that the Braves would have a new park when they arrived in '66. The big circle leaves fans of every sport equal all quite far away.



Busch Stadium (\$26 million), above, soon to have plastic grass, may be the best new park. It got a bad start when fans passed out from the heat at the '66 All-Star Game, but it has helped revive downtown St. Louis.



Oakland Coliseum (\$30 million including the adjacent arena), above, is the lodestone of a magnificent entertainment complex, but the baseball team—a good one—drew poorly and the place is getting Firley's goat.



RFK Stadium (\$23 million), right, finished in 1961, is aesthetically pleasing and a capital boost, but the field is set low and holds the humidity by day, while violence in the area has made it not so hot at night.

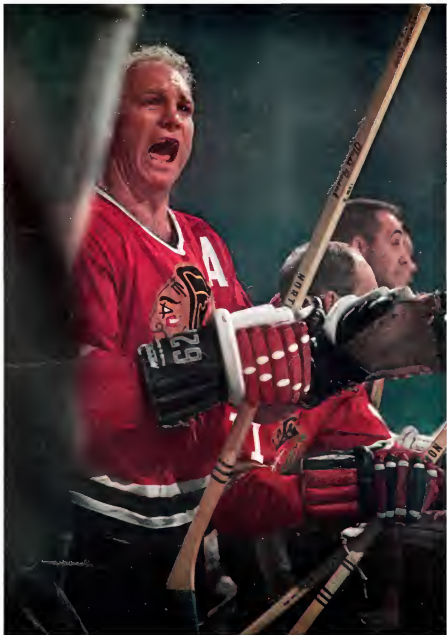
They Ran Away from the Rest



"Too much is made of the pain stuff," Jim Ryun said once. The astonishing Kansan—shown below tracing a pattern along the dunes—was a prodigy among milers. He beat the one other supreme runner of the

times: New Zealand's Peter Snell (left) when he was 18, and he set the world mile record of 3:51.1 when only 20. But at 21 he learned about agony. "God, it hurts," he said after his 1968 Olympic defeat





A New King, Coast to Coast



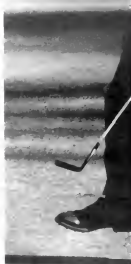
Hockey reconstituted itself, body and soul, almost at once in 1967. Before then it was a tidy little arrangement among six northern cities. But suddenly it became a sophisticated major league, a national sport for the U.S. as well as Canada that offered up a slammer named Bobby Hull as an image to awe all. For hockey's new fans Chi-

cago's Hull was like a home run king, and quickly he outshone two other, perhaps better, longtime stars—Gordie Howe and Jean Beliveau. On March 12, 1966, with a 30-foot slap shot (above) that traveled 100 miles an hour, Hull put in his 51st goal of the season, breaking a 21-year-old record and establishing himself as hockey's Ruth.

It Added up To Thrills and More



Each signed a bad scorecard once. Roberto de Vincenzo lost a chance for a Masters playoff that way in 1968. Ken Venturi purposely approved a wrong score one time in 1962 so that he mercifully could be eliminated from a tournament, his golf and his future seemed gone. But for three days in 1964 it all came back, and in Washington's debilitating 100° heat Venturi triumphed at last. "My God," he said, "I've won the Open." Only Roberto's despair—"What a stupid I am"—rivalled it for golf emotion.





Golf came out of the long rough, 18th-century-dollar pastures and now attracts as many avid athletes that no two men are more likely to dominate the game the way Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus did at mid-decade. Palmer was the glamour puss, Nicklaus the technician. With his boldness and flair, Palmer brought a new level of golf excitement to the public. But finally his concentration wavered and Arnie's Army rarely ruled. It was left to the young technician to battle the multitudes alone.

Tumult, Poetry, Invincibility

A Loss



"This is the legend of Cassius Clay/
The most beautiful fighter in the
world today/He talks a great deal
and he brags indeedy/Of a muscular
punch that's incredibly speedy."

"They all must fall
in the round I call "

"Float like a butterfly,
sting like a bee."

"Get up and fight, sucker "

"Call me Muhammad Ali "

"Right after The Bear,
we want The Hara "

"The hollering and poetry are over."

"They leadeth me into Toronto,
Canada They maketh me fight out
of the country They leadeth me
down the path of bad publicity. I
shall be bewailed in the history of
sport forever The sports fan shall
follow me all the days of my life."





Elegance and Artistry at Olympia



The Greeks were forever finding beauty in sport, and the concept is far from a dead one. No sight at Rome was quite as memorable as that of Wilma Rudolph, whose willowy strides earned three gold medals and made her the toast of the Olympics. The same grace led Peggy Fleming (flanked at right by runners-up) to victory at Grenoble as her skating bridged the gap between artistry and athletics. Eight months later Debbie Meyer, one of America's child swimmers, dived into a Mexico City pool and splashed out with as much gold as Wilma.



***The Victors
Left Behind
The Vanquished***



Of all champions of the decade, perhaps Ron Clarke was the best one never to achieve the ultimate—a gold medal, in his case. Australians wept as he finished the 10,000 at Mexico City badly beaten. It was somehow appropriate that he collapsed then, for moments giving fear that he had tried much too hard. By contrast, challengers for the America's Cup were routed so predictably that the face of defeat—expressed above by "Sovereign" Skipper Peter Scott—was more chagrin than pain.





The balance of power shifts quickly. The Ohio State of Jerry Lucas, John Havlicek and Larry Siegfried was unbeatable until Cincinnati did the beating in the 1961 NCAA finals, causing Siegfried to hide in a towel. For the Giants, perennial champions in the NFL East, the end was reflected by this scene in 1964 when the Steelers left 37-year-old Y. A. Tittle bloody and bowed. A week earlier another sign of the Giant times had passed without due note: the Jets played their first game in Shea Stadium.



For Jean-Claude the Gates Flew Open



The snowball just kept rolling, and soon a whole social movement was pulling on sport's sexiest clothes and sipping rum around the chalet bar. To satisfy the demand, American know-how came up with carved mountains, fake snow and quick-

setting plaster. But only God can make a ski hero, and the U.S. was never graced. It was a dashing Frenchman, Jean-Claude Killy, who burst down the slopes, slashed between the gates and whirled to a stop, resplendent heir to a new way of outdoor life.



Raising the Voice of Protest



It was not left to sport to survive serene in a decade of turmoil. This could not have been expected, and might not have been proper. The malaise of the times showed itself on the playing fields, and sports faced up to dissent when Professor Harry Edwards (right) introduced a scheme for an Olympic boycott by black athletes. "If nobody plays, everybody is equal," he said.



The boycott at Mexico City failed, but it led to the not-soon-forgotten Olympic posture of Tommie Smith and John Carlos, who acknowledged "The Star-Spangled Banner" with a Black Power salute. Heavyweight gold-medal winner George Foreman answered with the flag, but by this year's end there were more and more confrontations, and more and more picket signs.

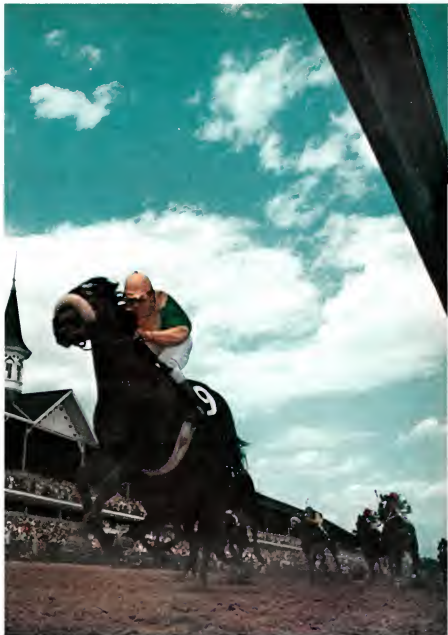


Biggest Winner; Biggest Loser



Johnny Longden waved his last salute at 59, going out (above) with winner 6,032, an alltime record. But for many fans only one of Longden's victories really counted—his lone Kentucky Derby win, on Count Fleet in 1943. For millions the Derby is horse racing, the rest is Grapefruit League. Because of this the moment at right, Dancer's Image finishing in the 1968 Derby, was especially meaningful. The Dancer was alone and flying high—far too high, said the stewards, who ruled he had been drugged. Investigations that followed were a mishmash of deceit, and the sport was the real loser.





**The
Face Is
Familiar**



Vince

Now the Redskins hope he is still a head above the rest.



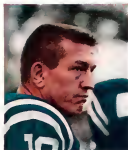
Casey

He was the first to call the Mets "amezon." You can look it up.



Jumping John

Thomas made 7' look easy, and then others made it look easier.



Johnny U.

Can a man with crew cut and black shoes last in this game?



Maury

He stole 104 bases, and 2,755,164 paid in L.A. to see how he ran.



Rocket Red

Australias Laker. With fast hands plus much dough in the bank yet.



Superfan

The hottest ware at Greens Bay where Dallas froze at -13.



Pancho

A grandfather and 41 but still the top attraction in his racket.



Mickey

The best lady of the game, when right, the winner was Wright.



Gooz

The fanciest passer but Boston kept winning without him.



Chuck

Bedhank went both ways in a little game, the last time for that.



Floyd

For defeat he took a beating. The victory 1000 or so but lost faith.



Jimmy

Always someone to harass him. Sam Huff, cops Raquel Welch.



Denny

The first major league mouth since Dizzy Dean to win 30.



Orange Juice, Ara and an Ebbing Tide

He scored 54 touchdowns in two years in junior college, but it was the first time he carried the ball in a scrimmage at USC that he jolted the people who mattered. "He busted guys backward," Coach John McKay said, and O. J. Simpson was off to 35 touchdowns and two national rushing titles. Among the guys No. 32 busted backward by the time he was finished were Orange, Harmon, White, Davis, Blanchard—in fact, anybody who ran the ball.



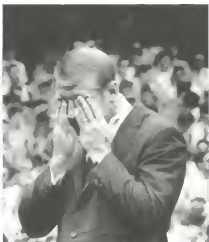
Ara Parseghian (above), a Protestant just like Rockne, came to floundering Notre Dame in 1964 and restored the Irish to their former heights. But all the wins, and the few losses, were overshadowed by the college game of the decade, the 1966 Notre Dame-Michigan State confrontation in which Parseghian settled for a 10-10 finish by running out the clock. He led one for The Gipper; jeered detractors. Fit to be tied, too, was the era's other deified coach, Bear Bryant (left). His Alabama teams gave up just 56 points a game as they won three national titles. Defense was Bear's Bible. Then college football changed, and Bama got beat by scores like 41-14.







A Yankee's Last Hurrah



His body, so powerful, was curiously flawed and could never quite withstand the strains that his talents and impulsiveness imposed on it. Bound by yards of tape, Mickey Mantle played for years in pain, but he gave in only to pride—when he couldn't hit the fast kid pitchers anymore. In a peculiar form of tribute shortly before his final game, Denny McLain dished him up a watermelon of a pitch so that Mantle would be sure to pass Jimmy Foxx on the home run list. In Yankee Stadium on June 8, 1969 they had his Day, and as the ovation for him ran on for seven minutes Mantle was overcome, like Gehrig and Ruth before him. "I never knew," he said, "how someone dying could say he was the luckiest man in the world. But now I understand."

***And Finally—See
What Follows—
Were the Tears of
Pure Laughter***













End



THE PUZZLE OF THE SLAMS

In my years at the table I have found—believe it or not—a few players who will admit that the cards they hold are almost as good as the next fellow's. But even they add that on slam bids they are dogged by misfortune, while lady luck smiles on the higher risks of their opponents. These slam puzzles are designed to test your play of the hand, not your card-holding luck, and you will either play each slam right or you won't, so there are no intermediate scoring credits. (Sometimes the puzzle is to discover what the problem can possibly be.) Count 10 points for each success and rate yourself according to this table:

50-60—don't bid past game. 70-80—try an occasional slam.
90-100—you're a sure winner. 110-120—come join my team.

1



CONTRACT: 8 ♦

West leads the 10 of hearts to his partner's ace and East returns the suit. How should you play trumps?

5



CONTRACT: 8 ♦

West leads the 10 of hearts to your king. How can you assure your contract?

9



CONTRACT: 8 ♦

West leads the jack of clubs. How should you play to give yourself the best chance?

2



CONTRACT: 6♠

West leads the jack of hearts. How should you plan your play?

3



CONTRACT: 6♠

West cashes the ace of spades and leads a second round. How do you proceed?

4



CONTRACT: 6♦

West leads the jack of clubs. You win with the ace. What card should you lead to the second trick?

6



CONTRACT: 6♥

West leads the 10 of spades. Plan your play.

7



CONTRACT: 7♥

In a burst of hope West leads the ace of spades. How can you equalize on this to assure your grand slam?

8



CONTRACT: 6♠

West leads the 8 of trumps, and East follows suit to dummy's device. How should you continue?

10



CONTRACT: 6♦

West leads the king of hearts. How do you play?

11



CONTRACT: 6♠

West leads the club 4 and East's 8 forces you jack. You lead the club 3 and West discards a diamond. How do you continue?

12



CONTRACT: 6♦

West leads the 10 of hearts. Your play is...?

CONTINUED

THE ANSWERS

1. The only threat is a 4-0 trump split, but you needn't let even that bad break throw you. First, cash a trump honor from your hand. If both opponents follow suit, draw the remaining trumps and claim. If either defender shows out on the first trump lead, you can finesse against the other for the jack.

2. No doubt you've recognized this as similar to the first problem. Again you need puzzle only over how to avoid a trump loser. If you win the first trick in dummy and lead a low spade to the ace or queen, you will go down one. With your usual luck, you'll find West void of trumps. The key difference in this hand is that you do not have the 10 of trumps. You can prevent an opponent who holds all four trumps from winning a trick only if that opponent is East, so your first play is the king of spades from dummy. Now if West fails to follow suit, lead a low trump. If East plays low, your 8 will win; if East plays an honor, you win, reenter dummy with a club and lead another trump for the finesse against East's remaining honor.

3. All you have to do is pick up the queen of clubs. True, you can finesse either way. But the "right" play is to lead to dummy's king of trumps and take the finesse on the way back, unless the queen has appeared. The reason? Chances are equal that either opponent has the queen. But if it is thrice guarded, your only chance to pick it up is if East has it—unless you are willing to take a first-round finesse against West and give up the chance of dropping a singleton queen in East's hand.

4. The queen of spades. You might find that you have gone down in a "cold" contract if you first lead a diamond to the ace, and find the cards divided thus:

♠ K 8 4 2	♠ 10 9 6 5
♥ J 10 3	♥ Q 9 8 6
♦ Q J 6 3	♦ 10 9 8 7
♣ J 10	♣ 9 8 4 3 2

Find out whether you have a spade loser before you tackle the trumps. If the spade finesse loses, you will not be able to afford the luxury of a safety

play in diamonds. But if the finesse wins, you can next lead a low trump from your hand and, if West follows low, play dummy's 8. If East produces a trump, the ace and king will later draw the rest. If West shows out on the first lead, rise with dummy's ace, return a trump and hold East to one trump trick.

5. It appears that nothing can defeat the slam, so the first impulse is to draw trumps. But a lot of points are at stake, and every extra precaution is worthwhile. The distribution that can wreck the slam is a singleton heart in one hand and the singleton ace of spades in the other, allowing one defender to win the ace of trumps and give his partner a heart ruff. Stop all chance of such shenanigans by overtaking your king of clubs with the ace and discarding your ace of hearts on the queen of clubs before touching trumps. This hand and the next one are favorites of the noted British author, Victor Mollo (St. Jan. 6), who has produced a bookful of them (*How Good Is Your Bridge?* Hart \$4.95).

6. Trumps must divide if the slam is to be made. You might plan to ruff all three spades in dummy, but this exposes you to a diamond ruff when you try to get back to your hand later to draw trumps. Nor can you draw two rounds of trumps after ruffing the first trick in dummy, for the defenders will surely gain the lead with the high trump to cash the spade ace before you can discard both your remaining spades. The most effective plan is to ruff the opening lead, then play a heart from dummy and a low one from your own hand. Dummy still has a trump to handle a spade return, and you can easily get back to your hand to draw the rest of the trumps, later discarding your spades on dummy's clubs.

7. At first glance it seems that you can afford to ruff, draw trumps and claim. But if trumps divide 3-0 and clubs 5-2 you will be left with two losing cards (a club and a diamond) and only one trump in dummy with which to ruff. However, the opening lead allows you to plan a dummy reversal—to make the dummy the master hand by ruffing four spades with trumps in the closed hand. You should ruff the opening lead and enter dummy with the 8 of trumps. If either defender fails to follow, you should ruff

a second spade in your hand. Lead another trump to dummy and ruff a third spade. Now dummy's jack of clubs allows you to ruff a spade with your last trump. Your remaining low club is ruffed, and when the last trump is drawn by dummy's king you discard your low diamond. The diamond ace is the entry to the good clubs in your hand.

8. Where's the puzzle? You can make seven spades by ruffing a couple of clubs in dummy. But that is exactly the source of the problem. You need only assure 12 tricks, if you can, against nearly any distribution. The possible fly in the ointment is finding either player with a singleton club, having the king of clubs ruffed and another trump returned. Now you have three club losers and only two trumps in dummy. To guard against even this slim possibility, you should forget about setting up your club suit and instead play to ruff dummy's losers, as in the previous hand. The king and ace of diamonds are followed by a diamond ruff, and dummy is scinted with a heart. The fourth diamond is ruffed with the queen of trumps, and the high heart followed by a heart ruff with the ace leaves dummy with three high trumps and two clubs. If all goes well, you will make 13 tricks, but even if someone ruffs a high club, 12 tricks are assured.

9. Either a successful spade finesse or finding the ace of hearts with East gives you your contract. But you can increase your chances by combining two lines of play. After winning the club opening in dummy, cash the ace of spades and ruff a spade. Enter dummy with a trump and ruff another spade. If both defenders follow suit, the fifth spade can surely be established. You draw the remaining trumps ending in dummy, ruff out the last spade and discard two hearts on the black-suit winners. If West shows out on the third spade, a spade trick can be set up by means of the marked ruffing finesse against East. Finally, if East shows out on the third spade, abandon the suit. Now try for your 12th trick by leading a heart up to the king.

10. Although it may go against the grain to ruff high on this deal, ruffing low could prove a costly economy. You should win the first trick, cash the king of spades and the ace-king of clubs, then

continued

Seagram's Benchmark for Christmas. Measure your other ideas against it.



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**We don't know who's going
to lose the game.
We do know who's going
to lose the girl.**

Don't be a loser. Use Head & Shoulders, the winner. The most effective dandruff shampoo you can buy. Head & Shoulders leaves your hair clean, neat and easy to manage, too. No wonder it's chosen by more men than any other shampoo in America.



ruff a club in dummy with the *king*. If you make the mistake of ruffing with one of dummy's lower trumps and East overruffs, the defenders can cash a heart to defeat the slam. You next discard your heart on the ace of spades, ruff a heart and ruff your last club with the 9. Either defender might score the jack of trumps, but that's all.

11. You have a certain club loser, so your efforts should be directed at avoiding the heart finesse, if that is possible. Accordingly, you should put up dummy's king of clubs, cash the queen and ace of diamonds and ruff a diamond with dummy's 10. If East overruffs you will have to fall back on the heart finesse, but if he follows to the diamond you are home. You return to your hand with the ace of spades, cash the ace of clubs and play your high diamond. If East follows suit or discards he is next thrown in with his high club, forcing him to lead into one of dummy's major-suit tenaces. And if he ruffs the high diamond the outcome is the same. Either way you wind up with 12 tricks.

12. This puzzle is by my friend Paul Lukacs, perhaps the greatest living composer of single-dummy problems. At first glance it seems the contract depends solely on the club finesse, and if it wins you will make your contract with an over-trick, discarding both spades on the long clubs. But it is wrong to put all of your eggs in one basket, for if West has the ace of spades you have an additional chance to land your slam. You should win with the ace of hearts, draw trumps and then lead the 9 of spades. If the queen loses to East's ace, you can still fall back on the club finesse. However, the slam is ironclad if West has the ace of spades. If he plays low, dummy's queen will win. You then discard the king of spades on the high heart, ruff a spade and take the club finesse for a possible over-trick. If West instead hops up with the ace of spades and returns a club (his best play) you put up dummy's ace, return to your hand with the king of spades, overtake the queen of hearts with dummy's king and discard clubs on the queen of spades and jack of hearts. Note that if for some reason you feel that East has the ace of spades, you can reverse the procedure by leading a spade from dummy toward your king early in the play.

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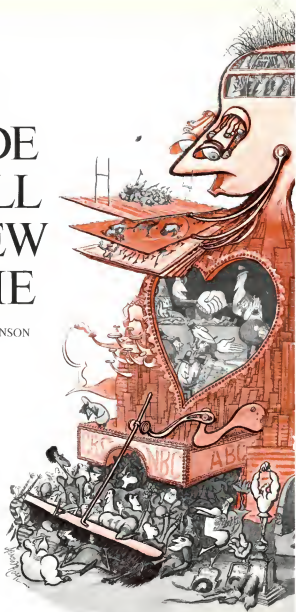
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TV MADE IT ALL A NEW GAME

by WILLIAM JOHNSON





Some view it as a godsend and others as a monster, but a decade of television has created more changes in sport—and the interests of its fans—than anything in the history of play. Part I of a series

The epoch of Super Spectator is upon us, and it is stupefying to behold. Consider the major land mass of the North American continent on Sunday, Jan. 12, 1969. From sea to shining sea on that afternoon—from Gloucester salthouses to pink Cucamonga bungalows, from Sun City retirement cottages to snowbanked South Dakota farms—60 million citizens arranged themselves before television screens. In darkened parlors, behind drawn sun-porch blinds, beneath lightless bulbs in kitchen ceilings, in a million dim hasements with knotty pine nailed over cement blocks, the country sat, and the multitude was as one, oblivious to the afternoon beyond. No butterfly, no snowflake, no street fight or car wreckage at the corner could vie for attention.

No, this was Super Sunday for Super Spectator, the Jets vs. the Colts in Miami; the 60 million (which is equal to 800 sold-out Orange Bowls, or 400 times the population of Plato's Athens) were bathed as one in the moon-gray glow of black-and-white cathode tubes or the ghostly green-peach of living color. They gazed, as one, entranced by the miniature facsimile of the game on their screens. For them the Super Bowl was played by electric Lilliputians: Joe Namath was no taller than a highball glass and, on occasion, the entire Baltimore team could have walked on the palm of a child. No matter. Many times the game filtered

continued

eastward
TELEVISION

to a halt, the teams faded from view, the screen filled with cheerful pictures calculated to convince at least a few that they must soon purchase Gillette razor blades or Schlitz beer or a sedan made by Chrysler. No matter. The 60 million did not take open offense at the spiel of salesmen in their parlors. To be sure, it had cost up to \$135,000 a minute to advertise that day on TV, but most of the 60 million watchers did not find that significant. Indeed, they took advantage of the lull in the athletic action to go do other things. As nearly always happens during commercials on major telecasts, the running of water all over America sent pressure dropping.

This is how the mass of America takes its sports at the beginning of the eighth decade of the 20th century. Insulated, isolated, miniaturized, in gloom of darkened room, essential plug in essential socket, electronic window aglow, a kindly brewer to pay the freight while the world steps out for a quick drink of cold water.

Now make no mistake, Super Spectator is by no means a creature born of or restricted to Super Bowl Sundays. It

s true that he disintegrated when the plug was pulled that day, that when the tube went dark he atomized into a shoe clerk in Spokane, a meter reader in Richmond, a barber in Lincoln. But Super Spectator lives again each time TV pokes its \$85,000 Plumbicon camera into a sporting event. He may be only 13 million strong for a howling show (but that equals the population of Queen Victoria's England) or 24 million for a college football game (double the citizenry of Australia). Admittedly, he is a technological freak, a multi-ultraelectric Hydra. He is a conglomerate being conceived in the bloodless circuits of MassCom (mass communications), an offspring of the passionless miracles of engineers, a product of the frigid market research and performance requirements of advertising men. But sport as we know it today can no longer do without Super Spectator.

In the past 10 years sport in America has come to be the stepchild of television and, in a sense, handmaiden to the vicissitudes of Madison Avenue. In the very time of its ascendancy—in the affluent and chaotic decade of the '60s that launched it toward a new Golden Age—sport finds its greatest benefactor is electronic technology. This does not mean that the World Series has been or is about to be restyled by the clerks who concoct our usual lotus-eater's TV fare, that which assaults the mind by night with flying saucers and by day with the natter of grown-ups playing guessing games. No. Nor have the men dedicated to stamping out Dandruff Shoulder, Denture Stain and Dragon Mouth inherited the Kentucky Derby. Nor have technocrats made headwaters out of the numerous statuettes of sport. The subservience has not come to that.

But it has come to this, the impact of television in these last 10 years has produced more revolutionary—and irrevocable—changes in sport than anything since mankind began to play organized games.

Because of TV markets, the venues

of the major leagues extend into the deepest American bush. The very skyline of the land has been changed by a proliferation of stadiums, arenas, auditoriums, Palastras, Palladiums and amphitheaters. Because of TV money, our star athletes are fliers of Lear Jets and presidents of corporations. The fortunes of our most spectacular sport franchises are soaring when they might otherwise be sinking into bankruptcy. Because of TV's power, no sensible entrepreneur buys a team, stages a major event, builds a stadium or even sets the starting hour of a game without first clearing it with a man from MassCom.

The geography, the economics, the schedules, the esthetics, the very ethos of sport has come to depend upon television's cameras and advertising's monies. And how does this strange passage of affairs strike the strong men and clear thinkers in our midst? Surely Vince Lombardi has an opinion, for isn't he football's most single-minded exponent of *The Game Is the Thing*? Has he not cursed any trace of outside influence in his domain? Was he not savage in his denunciation of TV attempts to post cam-



NBC's *Lindbergh*: Staring at a tailgate



ABC's *Arledge*: Spinning for the top

cras at his sidelines or in his locker rooms? Yes, yes.

But Vince Lombardi has changed his thinking somewhat. He now says: "Considering the money involved, we do have to put forth some cooperation with television. If they ask us to start a little later so more people can see the game, we have to cooperate somewhat. We can't be penny-wise and pound-foolish. Given today's budgets, there wouldn't be a single franchise left in the National Football League without television. . . ."

Well, then what of Bear Bryant? What does a college football coach, perhaps the best in America, think of the influence of television on the traditions of his sport? "We think TV exposure is so important to our program and so important to this university that we will schedule ourselves to fit the medium. We'll play at midnight if that's what TV wants."

And wise old Walter O'Malley, long a leading statesman and all-round guru of baseball—what does he say? Ah, it is scarcely 10 years since he brought the big leagues to the West Coast, and Walter O'Malley sits in a lavish suite in Chavez Ravine, surrounded by the heads of gnus, impala and gazelles shot on safari, while 3,000 miles away Ebbets Field is an apartment complex. Walter O'Malley smiles benignly and observes, "An old friend of mine used to say, 'Radio whets the appetite for baseball and television satiates it.' We televised nearly every home game in Brooklyn, and we'd have gone bankrupt if we stayed. But TV properly applied is splendid for baseball. My goodness, without our national *Game of the Week* program on NBC, many of our teams would be running in the red."

It has come to that? Only the gold produced by the television Establishment supports our major sports? It is a noble achievement, a magnificent obligation, is it not? But one must not forget that this television Establishment is the same television Establishment that has ben-

roundly cursed for years as the player's vastest wasteland. It is the one that was caught red-handed rigging quizzes (which somehow doesn't seem either so sinister or so scandalous now as it did in the late, innocent, silent '50s), the same Establishment that hatches itself in nightly waterfalls of blood and violence, the one that seems to pride itself on constantly holding up mindless, smiling, suburban mediocrity as the stuff of which the American Dream is made. Well, it is a dubious companion, this TV Establishment, but clearly it is the golden goose . . . or perhaps the platinum peacock.

There is a large body of commemorative material, of paintings, song, poetry, bubble-gum-card art, given to the celebration of various of sport's greatest moments—Ibby Jones' Grand Slam, Tootsie vs. Dempsey, that sort of thing—and it can become an awful bore. But another greatest moment should be added to the list, even if it never is immortalized in oryx or sambac.

It occurred in midafternoon May 17, 1939, when someone in a laboratory of

the RCA Building in Manhattan pulled certain switches on a control board. Eight miles away there was a humming in the innards of a large iron panel truck, a sort of silver superhearse that was parked behind the bleachers at the baseball diamond of Columbia University's Baker Field. A flow of power activated an Iconoscope TV Camera perched upon a wooden platform above third base. Picture impulses from the camera were transmitted to a nearby flagpole, where an antenna sent them flying across Manhattan to the 85th floor of the Empire State Building and—lo!—television station W2XBS was on the air with the first telecast of a sports event ever produced in the United States of America. It was—uh—a game between Columbia and Princeton for fourth place in the Ivy League.

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen!" came the famed bark of Bill Stern that day. He was seated in a top corner of the bleachers, his fedora pulled down to the bridge of his trombone nose. The camera was located behind him, and frequently during the afternoon he flung desperate glances over his shoulder at the hulking machine. "I had no monitor," Stern recalls. "I had no idea where the damned thing was pointing. I never knew whether the thing could keep up with the play or not."

It could not. But like an earnest, clumsy, myopic robot, it tried. Its field of vision was so narrow that it could not shoot both pitcher and batter in the same picture, so it swung constantly back and forth, following the ball to the plate on each pitch—a dizzying, hilly series of demented arcs across the screen. On a hit, the Iconoscope swept its eye doggedly across the landscape, chasing after the ball. Fortunately, at the time there were scarcely 400 working television sets in the U.S.—nearly all of them around New York City. Many were in the offices of RCA, NBC and various ad-agency brass; there was one at the RCA Pavilion at the 1939 World's Fair (who can forget the year that the sphere and



CBS's *MacPhail*: *Breaking even is great.*

continued

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sphere transfixed mankind with its promise of the ultimate in ultramodern living²). Even though sets cost \$600—equivalent to \$1,600 by today's dollar—the screens were only five to 12 inches in diameter.

Given the diminutive picture and the mad panning of the camera, it was not surprising that a reviewer for *The New York Times* wrote of that telecast: "The players were best described by observers as appearing 'like white flies' running across the screen. When the ball flashed across the grass it appeared as a cometlike white pinpoint. The commentator saved the day, otherwise there would be no way to follow the play or to tell where the ball went. . . ." For the record, the game was won by Princeton 2-1 in the 10th; the first home run on TV was hit by one Kenneth Pill, the Columbia leftfielder, and for the first of what would be a million times to come, a director shouted into the earplug of a sportscaster: "Damn it, shut up! If they can see it, don't say it!" Yes, even with the primitive equipment at hand, Bill Stern managed to perform as if he were a television announcer as modern as tomorrow. "I had no idea when to keep my lug, fat, flapping mouth shut," he says.

In 30 years the world turns perhaps 11,000 times; Bill Stern, now snow-white of fringe and slowed by a heart attack, no longer reigns as Prince of the Air Waves, although he still does 12 radio shows a week for Mutual Broadcasting. That myopic old albatross of a camera has given way to dandy little 56-pounders that a man can carry on his shoulder. And Kenneth Pill, the electric picture's first Sultan of Swat, is an Army warrant officer now stationed in Viet-

nam. The Day of the White Flies has spanned that rapidly into the Epoch of Super Spectator.

Television's annual stake in sports—by the networks alone—has zoomed from zero to \$150 million annually in the 30 years since its first telecast. Indeed, the growth of money spent for sports broadcasting is almost beyond belief. For example, in 1936 the Orange



The game was never the same after this moment in 1936 when station W2XBS turned a camera on Columbia vs. Princeton

Bowl Committee paid CBS \$500 to do a radio broadcast of its game; in 1969 NBC paid \$500,000 for television rights. In 1947 Ford and Gillette paid \$65,000 to televise the entire seven games of the World Series; it now costs \$82,000 to buy a single 60-second commercial in a Series telecast.

So much for comparisons from an-

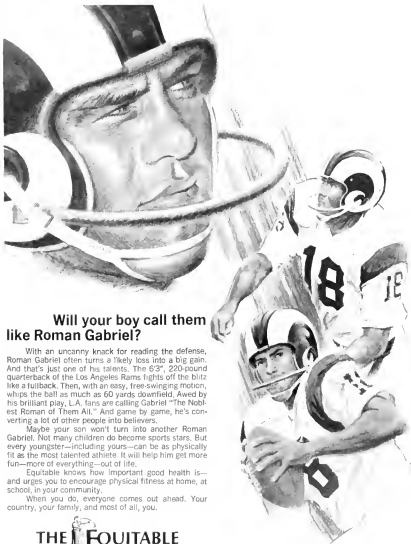
tiquity; it is in the last decade that TV's financial involvement in sport has multiplied at its most frenzied rate, and it is in the last decade that sport has become so totally dependent on television's largesse. In 1960 CBS paid \$660,000 for rights and production costs at the Rome Olympic Games, recently ABC closed a deal to pay \$13.5 million to do the '72 Olympics in Munich—a cost-of-

living increase of roughly 2,000%—CBS bought rights to the 1960 Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley for \$50,000. In 1968 ABC paid \$2 million for the competition at Grenoble, and for '72 NBC will pay \$6.4 million. Without television dollars, the lavish Olympic spectacles of recent years would be a threadbare facsimile indeed.

Rights to NCAA college football jumped from \$3,125,000 in 1960 to \$12 million in 1970; network payments for major league baseball have risen from \$3,250,000 to \$16.6 million in a decade; the combined AFL-NFL schedule from \$7.6 million in 1963 to \$34.7 million in 1969; network rights for professional golf have gone from less than \$150,000 to close to \$3 million in 10 years. The list goes on and on.

This cascade of money has made major differences to our games and our gamesmen. Our sports heroes are businessmen now, entrepreneur-athletes. The money flood from TV has allowed them to earn enormous incomes from the sports at which they excel, and then to rise out of the playing field dust to become owners of suburban laundry chains and haberdashery strings and sandwich assembly lines. The money from television has made professional sport an exceedingly attractive proposition, even for the bright young

reynolds



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college graduate with ambitions for the corporate life. (What more rewarding career is there in corporate life than chairing the board of your own corporation?) This aura of high pay and button-down working conditions has even improved the caliber of play. "These days an average pro football player pays taxes on more than \$30,000 a year, including his off-season income," says pro football boss Pete Rozelle. "Without our television fees our payrolls would be half what they are. We would not be able to attract some fine college athletes who are with us now. They'd be working for General Electric—and we'd be out some of the better players in our league."

Just as the financial horizons in sport have expanded, so have the geographical venues of our major leagues broken past all the traditional boundaries. What were once the farthest backwaters of the land—the Louisiana bayou, the Texas brush prairie, the Minnesota cornfield, the Washington apple valley, the Georgia clay-scape—are all now touched with at least the proximity of the big leagues. Granted, the jet airplane must be credited in part for this penetration into the hinterlands, and so must the nation's general affluence, which has put money for tickets at soaring prices into the pockets of most citizens. But it is the unique (if perhaps involuntary) power of television taste makers to homogenize regions and minimize provincial differences that has been the biggest factor in the planting of major league flags in every nook and cranny of America. In the economic structure of professional sport in the '60s it is only after the men of TV deem a town to be a sound market—susceptible to the urging of the tube to buy polyester tires or purified gas or charcoal-filtered cigarettes—it is only after the place receives the electronic-economic seal of approval that would-be franchise owners have a hope of landing a team. It is almost entirely because of the prospects of television-generated dollars that the Boston-Mil-

waukee Braves are now in Atlanta, the Minneapolis Lakers in Los Angeles, the NFL Chicago Cardinals in St. Louis, the Philadelphia-Kansas City A's in Oakland and so on. And it is essentially for the same reason that a whole host of new nicknames—Bills, Saints, Astros, Blues, Bucks, Pacers—even exists. Today major league franchises for baseball, football, hockey and basketball total 87; a decade ago there were only 42. So the majors now reach coast to coast, border to border (and beyond). And how does this burgeoning garden grow? Pete Rozelle has no doubts: "There are 26 pro football franchises now. Without television, half of them would not exist and the rest would be struggling."

John Fetzer, president of the 1968 world champion Detroit Tigers, has no doubts, either: "There would be no way to keep our name on the front door without TV revenue. No way. The costs of operating a baseball franchise go up more rapidly than we can generate income." And Calvin Griffith, president of the Minnesota Twins, is even more emphatic. "TV is a matter of life and death, that's all. We couldn't operate without it."

The litany is the same nearly everywhere. Without television, owners could not meet the mounting demand for better pay and better pensions, indeed, could not stay solvent.

What, then, has sport sold to television in return for the money it accepts? Has it sacrificed its ethics, its morality, its soul? What has been the price of financial glory?

Perhaps the price is not as high as traditionalists and Cassandra's would claim. In fact, the charges exacted by TV may be a bargain when one considers the benefits derived. Admittedly, there have been some uneasy tamperings in the name of electronics. Yes, it is true that the PGA changed its championships from the classic man-to-man confrontation of match play to medal play back in 1958 to satisfy TV's needs. It is true that once upon a time the National Basketball Associ-

ation was so eager to please TV that it risked the rage of entire churchly multitudes all over the West Coast by scheduling some Los Angeles Laker home games at 11 a.m. on Sundays for the unexpressed purpose of picking up television viewers in the East, where it was 2 p.m. It is true that the National Hockey League has on occasion scheduled brunch-time games at 1 p.m. Sunday to help out television's schedule makers. It is true that in the 1967 Super Bowl in Los Angeles there were two kickoffs for the second half because the NBC network was in the middle of a commercial when the Green Bay Packers first bowed to the Kansas City Chiefs. Yes, it is true that the 1968 heavyweight title elimination fight between Jerry Quarry and Thad Spencer in Oakland was held at the ridiculous boxing hour of 2:30 in the afternoon so that the fight would fit the programming needs of ABC. And yes, it is true that major colleges have shuffled their football schedules like prime-time rate cards when lured with an opportunity to get the old alma mater into the nation's living rooms. Finally, it is quite probable that on numerous occasions—perhaps even hundreds—commercial time-outs have affected games by altering the morale, momentum or metaphysics of a team. All of this has been done in the name of commercial TV, and none of it serves the exactitudes of pure sport. That is true.

Yet as both sport and the sport fan have adapted (or given way) to TV and its demands, it has become increasingly difficult to build up righteous indignation over such occurrences. Sport has thrust itself squarely into the marketplace of America by its presence—and its dependence—on television. Thus it has accepted, at least implicitly, the right of commerce to impose its compromises. In turn, the sport fan has no real choice but to accept that influence, since he would not get half so much—via TV set or franchise expansion—without it. Pragmatism, this is called.

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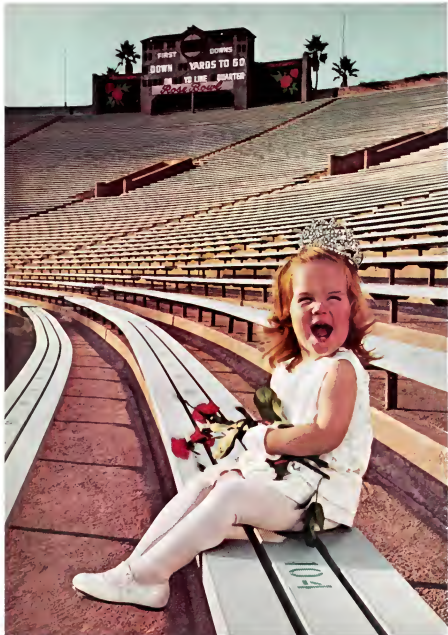


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Once upon a time a man named Sylvester (Pat) Weaver was president of the NBC network, and he uttered a sentence that has since become both axiom and apology for television realists: "We are first of all in the advertising business, for that is where our revenue comes from." All right, so sport is part and parcel of television's primary business. Our heroes pitch right along with the professional barkers—Ara Parseghian plugs Ford, O.J. and Jean-Claude sell Chevrolets, Billy Casper and Willie Mays drive for Chrysler, Bart Starr peddles eps. And \$10,000 for one Schick shave, Joe? Yes, it has come to this: our sport is staged these days before a great blinking billboard of television commercials.

There are purists, romanticists, idealists, free thinkers and perhaps a few small boys who are offended by the idea of supersalesmanship and high-octane merchandising and silky persuasion becoming an intrinsic part of the world of sports. They are not pragmatists, and they do not see the playing field as a logical extension of the marketplace. They do not fancy a quarterback doing huckster's duty for shaving cream. But this is not the finest hour for romanticists or idealists; this is the era of Super Spectator, and this is strictly a business proposition. Anyway, even an idealist has to step out for a cold drink of water now and then.

It is the major television networks of America that form the primary source of support and exposure for sport: the Columbia Broadcasting System . . . the National Broadcasting Company . . . the American Broadcasting Company. . . Their very names ring with glamour, power, wealth, efficiency. They are the marrow of technological know-how and corporate class and MassCom togetherness. Yes, there they stand—ABC, NBC, CBS—each with its skyscraper set in the lean straight line along the same side of the street in the same five-block stretch of Sixth Avenue in midtown Man-

hattan. Broadcast Row, some call it, or Communications Alley, or Logorhena Road. There is the greatest mass communications system in history. The men in these buildings can spin an electronic web as deep as space and as wide as the world, link Paris and Poughkeepsie in the wink of an eye, bring the moon to Akron, give birth to Super Spectator a dozen times a week.

It is easy to have a relatively warped idea of network sports executives, for they are frequently presented on the sports pages as grasping, avaricious, ambitious men, Sidney Greenstreets with season boxes, all bent upon plundering our games for their own nefarious ends. There is no love or objectivity wasted by sportswriters on TV chiefs, and they are frequently referred to in print as hucksters, panjandrums or moguls—the kind of pejorative labels that don't get stuck on, say, executives of AT&T or Standard Oil. Since these are the men deciding what Super Spectator will and will not get to see—a position of omnipotence in sports never before approached or so much as imagined—it is worth examining them in their natural environments.

CBS is a hulking, haughty corporate monolith, sound as the Episcopal Church, rich as Croesus, Inc., and in reasonably good standing with an immense mass of Americans who like the cut of Walter Cronkite's jib. The network has diverse investments, including the New York Yankees, which were purchased in 1964. The CBS Sports Department, which has nothing at all to do with the Yankees, is headed by William C. MacPhail, 51, who bears the title vice-president, CBS-TV Sports. A son of the irreverent Larry MacPhail (founder of night baseball; front-office chief of the Reds, Dodgers and Yankees), he was a public-relations man for the Kansas City Athletics in 1955 when CBS hired him to be its No. 1 sports mogul.

Bill MacPhail does not look much like a huckster, a panjandrum or even Sidney Greenstreet. He is a tall man, slight-

ly stooped and uncommonly pale, with blue eyes, gray hair and a gentle manner that seems apt for a head usher at—well, at an Episcopal church. But, like most of his CBS sports aides, he is a team member in good standing at the upstairs bar of Toots Shor and a frequent winner of Password games there. MacPhail spends \$40 million a year to put sports programs on his network. Included in the events CBS presents are the full NFL schedule, the Masters horse racing's Triple Crown, CBS Golf Classic, the Cotton and Sun Bowls, the NIT basketball tournament, AAU track (both a financial and esthetic disaster this year) and NHL hockey (which lost 750,000 CBS dollars last season).

And how does the CBS sports empire fare? "We're doing great if we break even," says MacPhail. "Sport is a bad investment, generally speaking. The network needs it for prestige, for image, to satisfy the demands and desires of our affiliated stations. The rights have gotten so costly that we do sports as a public service rather than a profit maker." Surprising? At first modest blush, yes, but "public service" is a vital TV phrase, an essential facet of image. There is vast non-net profit for a network if its stations can assure the Federal Communications Commission that they deserve their license to operate because they spend quite a lot of time in pursuit of doing good, and a cancellation of good wholesome sports programming would certainly not impress the FCC or Spiro Agnew.

For years—before he was named two months ago to be the new head of the American Basketball Association—the demimogul at CBS sports was Jack Dolph, 41, a stocky, quick-witted fellow with features not unlike an Ivy League Billy Batson grown middle-aged. Dolph's title was sports director, and his experience left him with certain convictions that he did not hesitate to state. "We have a guilty conscience in this business over the general run of schlock we put on the air," he once said. "If we

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didn't feel guilty, we'd cut back on news, which loses money. And we'd cut back on sports, which loses money. Hell, profit is the reason CBS is in business. I suppose we'd put the Roller Derby on in prime time if it made a buck. We have to balance that approach with our conscience...."

NBC is a rich, grandiose corporation, too, a gold-dust twin to CBS. Its sports department is headed by Carl Lindemann Jr., 47, a network vice-president who was once associate producer of *The Kate Smith Hour* and later in charge of program sales and VP for special projects. Lindemann is an energetic man, flushed of face, a rapid-fire raconteur with great charm and an unusual network executive in that he is able to sit through a four-hour lunch and not hit the bottom of his second Bloody Mary. Lindemann was made the top sports man in 1963 by NBC's then-president, Robert Kintner. "I told Bob that all I knew about sports was I liked tailgate picnics at the Princeton-Yale game," says Lindemann. "Kintner said, 'Hell, you don't have to have been a high school quarterback to run this operation.' Well, he was right. I still like tailgate picnics, and compared to most show-biz types, I really like the people in sports."

Under Lindemann, NBC carries the AFL (indeed, the network's money has moved the AFL into solvency), the full major league baseball package, the Rose Bowl, the Orange Bowl, the Gator Bowl, the Senior Bowl, golf tournaments such as the Bob Hope Desert Classic, Wimbledon and the NCAA basketball championships. The annual expenditure is about equal to CBS's \$40 million; the annual profit is nonexistent. There is concern over this at NBC, and Lindemann's assistant, Sports Director Chet Simmons, 41, a cool and casual figure in tinted specs and mod suits, says: "We've been going along with the prestige of these events for quite a while now. Well, maybe the time has come for profit-and-loss to come into vogue. Sure, we may have helped the AFL to survive with

our money, but our primary interest is in giving the network balanced programming, not to save the sport of professional football...."

ABC has been for years a bedraggled shadow of the other two major networks. With rare exceptions, its ratings were lower, its advertising revenues less, its profits hardly heady. But in one area ABC is playing at hardest to be No. 1. At huge expense, and with no small imaginative effort, the ABC Sports Department has recently acquired an impressive array of events. Included are the 1972 Olympics in Munich for \$13.5 million, pro football's Monday-night plunge into prime-time television next fall (\$8.6 million for 1970) and renewal of the NCAA college football package (\$12 million a year for two years). These will be added to ABC's *Wide World of Sports*—long the best of the weekly sports variety shows—and *The American Sportsman*, the Sugar Bowl, the U.S. and British Opens, the PGA and 10 other golf tournaments, the Professional Bowlers Tour and finally NBA basketball, which right now is considered the hottest property in sport television. (*Variety* Murked not long ago: "Even sports execs at the other webs agree basketball is on the grow!")

The president of ABC Sports is Roone Arledge, 38, a ruddy, redheaded fellow just coming up on his portly period. His face has a cherubic glow, but enormous shrewdness, an iron will and a croupier's cool are masked by those ruddy cheeks. Among his peers at rival networks, Arledge is described variously as "cunning," as a "money-be-damned big spender," as "a big speaker with forked tongue" and as "he who is too clever by half...." To those who have not been outwitted, one-upped or two-timed by Arledge, he seems the soul of candor, a notably articulate man with a clear insight into the structures of his chosen profession:

"Most of what TV does wrong is done to generate more dollars for owners," he says. "If we cram 18 commercials into a football game it's because the own-

ers and the leagues are so damned greedy in what they ask for rights. Sport used to be run as a hobby by owners; now it's a tax shelter for a lot of them...."

Sport is a business, not a religion, and there is no sacred way things must be done. Sport is a set of created circumstances—artificial circumstances—set up to frustrate a man in pursuit of a goal. He has to have certain skills to overcome those obstacles—or even to challenge them. And people who don't have those skills cheer him and admire him. It is that simple. Most criticism about TV and sport does not concern itself with ethics or morality. People complain about TV as a *misère*—cameras on the field, commercial breaks, unusual schedules. Of course, I must say that when NBC made them kick off twice at the half in the '67 Super Bowl—that was going a little far."

A fourth network—the Hughes Sports Network, Inc.—is competing, albeit slightly, with the larger three. Bought last year for some \$16 million by that fabled invisible man, Howard Hughes, this network has been the subject of much dark rumor of late. Still, little has happened. The operation continues under the administrative control of Richard E. Bailey, 58, a genial technician who patched Sports Network, Inc. together 14 years ago. The Hughes people did bid to get pro football's Monday-night package, and when they lost out to ABC there were great wheezes of relief along Broadcast Row. As one uneasy executive said: "We don't know what Hughes is up to, but we think of him as a snake lying under a rock." Hardly had he uttered the sentence when the executive requested that the words not be attributed to him by name. For a moment there seemed to be the sound of hissing in the room.

So there stand the networks. If you were to seek a thumbnail summary of their sport philosophies—one that most TV executives would readily agree to as realistic, even if they might be reluctant to shout it from the antenna tops—you

continued

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continued
TELEVISION

probably could settle for the considered words of NBC's Chet Simmons: "We really don't give 10 seconds of thought a year to how we affect sport; we're in the broadcast business." Yet the fact is—until pay TV or the end of the world intervenes—the fortunes and the future of sport rest with commercial television. The Super Bowl and the World Series are right there cheek by cathode tube with Felix the Cat and reruns of Mister Ed. As Rooney Arledge isn't afraid to say: "So many sports organizations have built their entire budgets around television that if we ever withdrew the money the whole structure would just collapse."

The marriage—electronics lawfully wed to athletics—seems convenient enough now, even comfortable as it slips smoothly past its third decade. But there was bitter crisis, desperate chaos and pleas for divorce in the early years, none of which has been forgotten. Once the honeymoon of those early experimental glimpses on W2XBS has ended, the white heat of reality burned hot-wire scars into the body athletic.

Commercial television's first year of serious operation was 1948. Factories were producing 140,000 sets a month and America was just beginning to devote its leisure time to watching Milton Berle, John Cameron Swayze and Howdy Doody through the snow on the set. Super Spectator was in his infancy then, but sport was a major portion of TV fare. Wrestling from Jamaica Arena and the Roller Derby and boxing, baseball, football and harness racing were beamed for hours at a time—hours at a time, that is, if the camera was working. In those daring days the central source of TV vision was the bulky orthicon camera, affectionately called Dr. Cyclops by its wondering crews. It was quite common for the Doctor to blink, blur and shut down his one good eye before a show was over. No one minded much, half a show being much more exciting than none, but there were many nights

when a 50% operational record for Dr. Cyclops was considered a praiseworthy performance.

As equipment improved in the '50s, the impact of TV on sport began to build enormously. It was a cash windfall for everyone. But...

The National Collegiate Athletic Association was the first sports body to notice that this accelerating force just might have the inevitability of death in its momentum, that exposure could be a killing thing. The discovery took no deep thinking; it was more like getting a place-kicker's foot between the eyes. From 1949 to 1953 attendance at college football games dropped by 2,970,000. Chilled, the NCAA formed a TV committee and instituted rigid rules for limiting the number of football telecasts. That righted the situation, although it took 10 years for attendance at college football games to rise again to what it had been in 1949.

But other sports—more acquisitive and less perceptive—did not sense the fatal flaw in the constant exposure. Saddest of all, perhaps, was the brutal fate of boxing. The first TV days of the sweet science were spent in a happy orgy. In some areas boxing was on nearly every night of the week, and so popular that there were riots around store windows that had the fights on display sets. There were bouts from the Garden and Eastern Parkway Arena and St. Nick's and Sunnyside Gardens. Gillette and Palst Blue Ribbon bought scads of time, and there were fighters battling before network audiences two, even three nights a week. Pool-hall pugs, teen-age Palookas, guys whose uncles were TV cameramen, anyone could fight on television. And paydays were good, at least \$4,000 for the fighter. Between 1946 and 1964—the year when the last regular network boxing show, *Friday Night Fight of the Week*, faded from sight—there were hundreds of fights on television. And, as Chris Dundee says, "There always had to be a loser, and you couldn't bring back a loser because the sponsors

wouldn't take him." Meanwhile, nobody supported club boxing anymore, and 250 of the 300 small fight clubs in America shut their doors between 1952 and 1959. The result was no fresh talent. There was nothing left except old losers by the hundreds, and soon boxing lay near death, not to rise again for years. (The return has been cautious, often by way of theater television.)

Another case study worth pursuing is the relationship between baseball and the electronic eye. Much has happened to the National Pastime in the 30 years since an Ebbets Field game between the Dodgers and the Reds was telecast to breathless dozens watching on experimental sets. Baseball was the flagship American sport in the first 50 years of the century, an institution that ranked along with Old Glory, Mom, H. V. Kaltenborn and the rumble seat. Nevertheless, until 1958 the major leagues extended no farther west than Kansas City, no farther south than Washington; only the Northeast quadrant of the country had ready access to the best of the sport, and millions of hardcore baseball fanatics went to their deaths in toothless old age without ever laying eyes on a live big-league game. In 1939 the major leagues drew only 8,977,000 spectators. But there was much more to baseball than that, for the bushes were alive with ballplayers. The minor leagues thrived, and people cared about the Albuquerque Cardinals and the Sacramento Solons and the Sanford Lockouts. More than 15 million attended minor league games in '39, and there lay the soul of the National Pastime—in the small cities and rural towns from coast to coast.

Ten years later the minor leagues were even more a phenomenon of mass appeal; they drew 42 million people in 1949. But now came television, working its massive wonders in bringing the major leagues into the parlors of all those fans in Gopher Prairie. Now they could "see" their big-time heroes for the first time. And free. Minor league attendance fig-

continued

ures plummeted from the high-water 42 million in '49 to 13 million in '59, and to 10 million in '69. So the game withered at its grass roots. Grandstands were dismantled, asphalt was ladled thick across the old infield and the cash register checkouts of A & P now ring where home plate once was nailed down. The number of minor league clubs dropped from 488 in 1949 to 155 today. Television pushed the minors so far into the periphery of American life that they fell right off to oblivion.

And what of the majors? Gripped by the frenzy that accompanies any gold rush, owners grabbed at every nugget offered by television. Clubs were soon putting almost every game they played on the tube. The result was disastrous. From a 1948 high of 20,920,000, attendance fell 32%, to a low of 14,383,000 in 1953. Only the emergency transfusion of fresh franchises opening in Baltimore, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Kansas City stemmed the tide. Some teams skirted close to suicide with their TV policies. To cite one chilling example, between 1948 and 1956 the Cleveland Indians won a World Series and a pennant and had a string of fine teams, led by the splendid pitching partnership of Bob Feller, Bob Lemon and Mike Garcia. But the Indians televised many of their home games in that period, and their attendance dropped a staggering 67%.

Symptomatic of the effect of the violent forces playing on baseball was the electrostatic fate of the Braves—the Boston Braves, the Milwaukee Braves and the Atlanta Braves. In 1948 the Braves of Boston won the National League pennant and drew 1,455,000 to their games, a season's attendance record. Dizzy with success, the management sold (for some \$40,000) the right to televise all home games in the 1949-50 seasons and nearly all home games in 1951-52. The Braves finished in the first division three of those years, but attendance fell from that 1,455,000 in 1948 to 281,278 in 1952, a drop of 81%.

Something had to be done, so Owner Lou Perini packed his belongings and ventured west to Milwaukee. There, much the wiser after the horror of Boston, he clamped a vacuum-tight lid on his team, allowing no television at all of Brave games. None. He even insisted that the state of Wisconsin be blacked out when the Braves appeared on network telecasts, and it was only due to the supreme prize of the World Series in 1957 and 1958 that citizens of Wisconsin ever saw their team on television. This made no friends for Perini, but he stood firm against the outcries, saying, "We have come to believe that TV can saturate the minds of the fans with baseball. We would like very much to guard against that."

All through the '50s, Perini refused to relent. Then in 1962 he eased his stand—ever so slightly by allowing 15 away games to be televised back to Milwaukee. Now the electric camel had its neon nose in the tent. By 1964 there were 30 Brave games on TV. In 1965 Perini sold the club to a new group of owners, very up-to-date and knowledgeable about the mysteries and the money to be found in MassCom. This group immediately saw something that had gone hitherto unnoticed by Perini or by Milwaukee in general: *the city of Milwaukee was geographically right for major league baseball.* Right. The town was just in the wrong place on the planet to be in the big leagues. Milwaukee was fenced in by Chicago to the south and Minneapolis to the west, and the baseball TV market areas of those towns made the location of Milwaukee untenable for the Braves. Never mind that there were 950,000 paid admissions in '64, that the ball park was in fine condition, that civic loyalties were building after a lull. Never mind, because the new management of the Braves had a golden guarantee from Atlanta, a promise that \$1,250,000 a year would be forthcoming for the TV-radio rights to Brave games. That was the kind of geography the man-

agement could understand. Dixie won its first major league baseball team because it offered a huge virginial television market for baseball. One has to pity poor Milwaukee. The camel had swallowed the tent.

The point of this example is not so much to lament for Milwaukee (after all, Milwaukee's sorrow is also Atlanta's joy) as to emphasize the vast influence that television has had on a sport so dear to the nation. By destroying the minor leagues, television cast a pall over all of baseball, yet it has hardly put the sport in its grave.

Major league attendance in 1969 was more than 27 million, a new record, although it is based on 24 clubs rather than 20. The Super Spectators watching the World Series averaged 23 million per game. And NBC's new \$50 million contract for three years with the major leagues is up 63% over the previous deal. Nobody pays that kind of money for a corpse.

What *has* happened is that television has caused a change in baseball's position in the pecking order of sport. John Fetzer of the Detroit Tigers sees a generation gap in baseball fans: "The Under 30s tend to be more attracted by pro football, but once they're 32 or so they start to become interested in baseball because it's more of a thinking man's game, and when they're 40 they're hooked and by the time they've hit 50 they're dyed-in-the-wool fans. Baseball has to realize that there is this new equation in sport, and television has had a lot to do with the change. We must understand that we'll never have the show to ourselves again."

Indeed not. Thanks to essential plug in essential socket, darkened parlor and that light in the electronic window, the country has a new sports piston.

NEXT ISSUE

Pro football. The zoom lens captures the sport, against a background of double crosses, secret meetings and misadventures.

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No Purse Was Too Small for Leo P. Flynn

Oldtimers remember him as perhaps the gaudiest success of a gaudy era: a fight promoter, manager and all-round operator who made it big, lived high, and somehow died rich

by FRANK GRAHAM JR.

Modern fight managers look back on the career of Leo P. Flynn with awe and, now and then, an attempt to imitate it. It isn't easy to do anymore, what with boxing commissions and new-fangled notions of ethics. A few of Flynn's breed survive—but the best place to look for his type is in some old Mark Hellinger movie on *The Late Show*, where a jowly, cigar-chewing character is watching his boy take an awful bruising in the ring with the calm of a man who knows that the gate is very good.

"Flynn was the greatest guy boxing ever had," says oldtimer Jersey Jones. "I mean all around—manager, promoter, matchmaker." Unlike most of his free-wheeling contemporaries, Flynn was a wealthy man when he died in 1930. He left behind him a legal estate estimated at half a million dollars and rumors of a safe containing \$200,000 in \$1,000 bills and a boxful of diamonds. He also left behind possibly the largest stable of fighters ever assembled by an American manager. Guesses on the number of pugilists who called Flynn their manager at any one period range from 30 all the way up to 50.

"I doubt if Leo knew himself," says Ray Arcel, who often trained Flynn's fighters. "I know that some of his fighters never even saw him."

Flynn was a manager in the true sense of the word. He did not cater to the whims of the young men who placed body and soul in his unsentimental hands. "No purse too small, no opponent too tough" was his motto. Flynn's fighters were in action somewhere every night in the week. On one Thanksgiving—so the story goes—19 of them fought in one town or another through the East and Midwest.

"More than half of them got stiffened, too," Flynn chuckled afterward.

He is said to have coined the expressions *palooka* and *lum-donne*, to describe the earliest if inept young men who contributed to his wealth. A Flynn

fighter was expected to know his place, and that place implied almost no personal contact with his manager—even at the moment of truth.

"He didn't work in his fighters' corners much in his later years," Arcel recalls. "But I remember he was there at a semifinal in the Garden when a boy got knocked cold. Leo never batted an eyelash. He just stared straight ahead and said to me in that deadpan way, 'Go in and get him.'"

The origins of the man, even of his name, are draped in obscurity. It is agreed that he came from Providence, R. I., but some oldtimers have said that his real name was McManus. Nevertheless, he became Leo P. Flynn early in life, the P stood for Parnell, he claimed. Certain skills came to him as easily as his name. In Providence he had been a jeweler's apprentice, a bricklayer and an amateur boxer. As a dancer of the cakewalk and other specialties of the time, he had acquired a number of prizes in dance competitions and a partner named Katherine. At 19, he married her, and together they went to New York.

"All I had was a carpetbag and a couple of hucks," he said afterward. "The latter belonged to Kate."

"The first time I ever heard of Flynn he was clipping suckers in the pool halls on 14th Street," a contemporary manager has said. But almost imperceptibly Flynn began to mingle with the boxing mob and, before anyone quite realized it, he had built himself a large stable of fighters.

Leo often traveled with his fighters before World War I, and he did not approve of idle hands. One Monday evening he took Johnny (Kid) Alberts to fight in North Adams, Mass. The next morning they started west and Albert fought in a different town every night of the week, finishing with a 10-round bout on Saturday in St. Joseph, Mo.

Damon Runyon said he was the first man to call Flynn "The Carpetbagger,"

and Flynn relished the name because of the wily larceny it implied. He relished even more the scheming fight managers, all patterned on himself, who peopled Runyon's stories.

"I always carried a carpetbag in the early days," Flynn said. "When the dough was scarce, you could just drop the bag out the hotel window and pick it up once you skipped past the room clerk."

In more prosperous times Flynn had an office in midtown Manhattan where an aide, Arthur Yende, entered on a big board the names of Flynn's fighters and their schedule of bouts. In towns all over the country local promoters knew they could fill half a boxing card any night by placing a call to Flynn. If Leo was out, his wife would "take the order" and drive as hard a bargain as her husband. To supply three fighters for the three 10-round bouts that might have been scheduled on any given program, Flynn would ask for, and usually receive, 45¢ to 50¢ of the gate.

At the beginning of each week, Flynn's fighters would visit his office, learn their schedule from the big board and catch the next train to the provinces. They seldom knew whom they would fight and never how much they would make. After the fight, or fights, they would return to New York to pick up their purses, the size of which had been determined by Flynn. Anyone not satisfied was free to find another manager, but Leo never suffered a scarcity of fighters. Everywhere in the country the word was out that if a boy wanted fights, Leo P. Flynn could provide them.

In time, the odd pool shark, now prematurely gray, began to gather the trappings of affluence. He was the first boxing manager to own a Rolls-Royce, and one of his fighters usually served as a chauffeur. He bought a large house on the Grand Concourse in the Bronx and gradually dissociated himself from the gritty intimacies of the boxing business.

continued

It became an event of sorts when Flynn, a covey of Irish politicians in tow, condescended to visit the gym or a local light club.

Probably one of the few fighters to obtain financial satisfaction from Flynn was an otherwise unfortunate young man whom we shall call Joey. Defenders of boxing insist that Joey did not have all his marbles when he entered the game, but it is certain that neither his association with Flynn nor the merciless opponents Leo found for him did anything to better his health, mental or physical. Take away a character of fiction, Joey at last wound up among the floes of Broadway, bumping along the street with glazed eyes and a slack jaw.

Now it happened that Flynn, to secure the services of this willing worker, had guaranteed him a minimum annual sum of money. After Joey "retired," Flynn spent his bragged that he had pocketed the large balance owed to his fighter, and for a short while it never occurred to Joey to demand payment in full on his contract. But every day when he wandered past the building on Broadway where Flynn kept his office, there ostentatiously parked at the curb was Flynn's Rolls-Royce.

"See that car, Joey," taunting members of the boxing mob would call to him. "You paid for that."

Suddenly a sense of having been wronged came to Joey. He got himself a lawyer and brought suit against Flynn for the \$12,000 still owed to him. Leo was furious.

"I'll never pay that grass-kid a cent," he vowed.

Flynn's lawyer, who often had observed Joey moving along the street in his grotesque little dance, felt otherwise. "Leo," he said, "if he ever put that poor guy on the stand and the jury gets a look at him, they'll hand him \$100,000!"

Flynn settled out of court.

When Tex Rickard began to promote fights in Madison Square Garden, he asked Flynn to be his matchmaker. It is said that Flynn accepted the job without pay. However, after 18 of Leo's fighters appeared in main events there within a short time only one of them won, other managers complained. The boxing commission decreed that he could not act simultaneously as manager and matchmaker, and he departed the Car-

den. Later, in 1926 when Jack Dempsey split with his longtime manager Jack Kearns, Flynn became Dempsey's advisor. It was during this period that he lost his most tumultuous argument—that of trying to convince boxing officials that Dempsey deserved the victory in his long-count battle with Gene Tunney. Dempsey was so impressed by Flynn's acumen that he promised to engage him as his manager if he ever came out of retirement. The former champion also presented Kate Flynn with a \$9,000 diamond brooch, "for keeping my food from getting contaminated" by supervising his training kitchen before his bout with Jack Sharkey.

As boxing plummeted with the rest of the United States during the Depression of the 1930s, Flynn's attention wandered from the sport. He had managed over the years, many notable fighters among them Bill Brennan, Panama Al Brown, Dave Shadle, Kid Norfolk, and Panama Joe Gans. His operation had grown self-sustaining. Moreover, various boxing commissions were taking a disapproving look at his purported financial interest in the promotion of bouts in which his fighters took part. He also was accused of supplying fighters for bootleg (unlicensed) bouts.

Suddenly Flynn discovered a bright new horizon in the game of golf. Pivotal visitors to Flynn's Broadway office found him chopping trick shots into a straw hat which he had placed upside down on a swivel chair. Moving in money circles now, John McGraw of the Giants and other celebrated New Yorkers were his frequent companions. Leo's agile mind made several important observations. He learned 1) that his skill on a pool table carried over to the putting greens and 2) that men with inflated notions of their own skills were as easy to locate at the New York Athletic Club as they had been on 14th Street.

On a damp spring day in 1930, Flynn made an appointment to play golf at Van Cortlandt Park with an affluent sportsman whose delusions he had carefully nurtured. Kate pointed out that he had it bad cold and suggested he cancel the appointment. But Leo was unable to turn his back on a primed gull. He played that damp day, won a sizable bet and contracted pneumonia. A few days later, The Carpetbagger, aged 51, was dead, undone by big purses and easy opponents.

END



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COLLEGE BASKETBALL

MIDEAST For all its famed hospitality, Kentucky has never been very friendly to visiting basketball teams. At least that was the way it was until Dayton's Flyers swooped down on the Bluegrass State last week and came away claiming *My Old Kentucky Home*. Coach Don Donohue's team first smashed Louisville's 25-game home-court winning streak by pasting the Cardinals 72-56. With four sophomores in the starting lineup, Louisville lost a seven-point first-half lead and could not overcome the ignominious Dayton defense or its disciplined offense. While Ken May popped in 21 points for the Flyers, the Cardinals missed 54 of 80 shots and Center Mike Grosso, the only upperclassman on the starting five, rarely handled the ball. He scored a career low of four points. Dayton later defeated Eastern Kentucky 67-63, proving that the best of the Bluegrass teams, the University of Kentucky (page 22), better watch out. The Flyers' next two games are this weekend in the Wildcats' annual Christmas tournament.

Another underrated Ohio team stayed in the state and had a doubly good time. For the second consecutive week Ohio University, which defeated Purdue only seven days earlier, throttled one of the Big Ten's best. To add to the fun, the victim this time was intrastate rival Ohio State, which fell 82-80 in Columbus. The Bobcats, who had never defeated the Buckeyes before, beat OSU at what in the past has often been the bigger school's game, depth and muscle. Ohio U. led in rebounds 39-37 and solid Guard John Canine scored 25 points. But loving Coach Fred Taylor hit the main reason for the surprising outcome when he said, "They got 23 points from their bench, we got nothing. They're a very confident team that doesn't fear foul trouble because they have enough depth and also enough flexibility." The OSU loss left Illinois as the only undefeated Big Ten contender. The Illini stopped Depauw 91-57 and Creighton 57-51.

LSU Coach Press Maravich was asked several weeks ago what he thought his chances were in the Southeastern Conference and he replied to the reporter, "How much of a chance have you got with Raquel Welch?" Doubtless, the sportswriter's possibilities have not improved since then, but LSU's have—dramatically. The Tigers defeated Loyola of New Orleans 100-87 and Tulane 97-91 last week to remain unbeaten, and also came up with an important SEC victory by knocking off Vanderbilt 109-66. Pete Maravich set a league record of 61 points in that game and still was not the whole story for LSU. Fighting under the backboards with Vandy's 7' 4" Steve Turner, the Ti-

gers' 6' 6" Al (Little Apple) Sanders came out ahead in rebounds 17-5 and in courage, too. Sanders had several stitches in his head at half-time to close a laceration opened during the first-period skirmishing and finally had to be sent from the court by the referee with 1:47 left in the game because the cut was opened and bleeding again.

Rody Tomjanovich scored 32 points as Michigan upset Marquette 86-78 and Michigan State's sophomore Ralph Sampson had 42 in the Spartans' 86-71 win over Western Michigan. Another high scorer was Notre Dame's Austin Carr, who led the way as the Irish increased their record to 5-0. Carr poured in 42 points to break his own court record at Notre Dame's Athletic and Convocation Center in a 112-92 victory over Northern Illinois. Against St. Louis the 6' 4" guard put the Irish back in the game after they fell behind 6-0 by popping in 11 consecutive points. Notre Dame's pressure defense, sparked by Mike O'Connell's steals and rebounding by slender Collis Jones, gave the Irish a 65-53 win.

Purdue won twice, 100-64 over Butler and 116-95 over Idaho State, but suffered a severe jolt when Rick Mount lumped off the court with a knee injury in the first half of the Butler game. The Rocket is expected to be out of the lineup for at least two weeks.

KENTUCKY (4-0) 2. OHIO U. (3-0)

MIDWEST There is a tradition at Nebraska that the home fans do not sit down until the Cornhuskers score their first points of the game. Last week against Duquesne the crowd barely had risen for the opening tap before it was down again and watching its team shoot away to an upset victory 82-77. From the line that Tom Scantlebury took the tap-off and drove directly in for a basket until Mary Searman arched in a 35-footer at the buzzer to finish the first period, the Huskers put together what Coach Joe Cipriano called "the best half I can remember." Nebraska led 44-26 at intermission and then relied on Searman's three driving layups in the closing minutes of the game to head off a Duquesne comeback. The Ducks scored four more field goals than Nebraska but lost the game at the free-throw line as they committed 27 fouls. The Cornhuskers were not as sharp in the Bluebonnet Classic where they dropped their opening-round game 112-82 to host Houston, which now has won the tournament eight years straight. The Cougars remained unbeaten by defeating Kent State in the final 74-66.

Big Eight favorite Colorado picked up easy wins over outmanned Texas Tech 75-55 and Evansville 97-66, but strong com-

petition is brewing for the league race beginning after Christmas. St. Louis attempted to slow down on Missouri's speedsters and still lost 66-61. The Tigers also defeated North-in Michigan 105-70. Henry Iba's Oklahoma State rolled up a pair of point totals that not long ago would have nauseated their defense-minded coach. The Cowboys broke a school scoring record in a 96-73 victory over MacMurray and then Bob Buck's rebound shot with one second, to play topped Trinity 80-78. Kansas was a double winner, too, scoring 76-60 over Wisconsin and 72-71 over Loyola of Chicago.

Cincinnati's 56-55 decision over Miami (O.) left Redskin Coach Taylor Locke so angry that he threatened economic sanctions against one of the referees. Holding the Bears scoreless for the final 2:38 of the game, Miami looked ready to move ahead when 5' 7" Guard Mike Wren was called for an offensive foul while driving to the basket. The ref making the call was Russ Kafer, who also sells sporting goods to Miami. "Never before have I blamed officials publicly for anything," said Locke. "But this year I'm sour grapes. That bald-headed striped shirt has sold us a lot of equipment. Hell! never get another sale from me."

Georgia Tech roamed into Texas with its unbeaten record and caught Texas on an off night. The Owls were bad from the field, hitting 34 3's of their shots, and relatively much worse from the foul line. They scored on 33.8% of their free throws as Tech won 87-57. The Yellow Jackets turned just as chilly themselves at SMU. They went 5-04 without scoring a point and the Mustangs ran out to a 77-67 win, their first of the season. Seemingly the only shooter in Texas not running hot and cold was Baylor's William Chatmon. A transfer from Tyler JC, Chatmon hit eight of 10 field-goal attempts and totaled 25 points in the Bears' 96-79 victory against Texas at Arlington. In his next game, a 95-68 Baylor win over Southwestern Louisiana State, Chatmon scored 36 points, including 15 of 19 from the field.

Mistakenly called "the world's smallest starting guard" by Bradley fans who obviously have not watched many junior high games lately, 5' 4" Frank Sylvester is nonetheless a big reason for the Braves' surprising early-season success. Bradley enjoyed a 90-39 romp over South Dakota but ran into stiff competition against Indiana State. The Braves won 74-73 to remain undefeated after five games and Sylvester provided some unexpected spark. Along with his nine assists, the junior led for the team lead in rebounds with six.

1. COLORADO (8-1) 2. HOUSTON (8-0)

Seagram's 7 Crown for Christmas.



The advertisement features two gift sets for Seagram's 7 Crown. On the left is a decanter set, consisting of a large, faceted crystal decanter with a diamond-shaped label and a tall, rectangular box wrapped in red and gold paper. The box has a large red circular emblem with a white crown. A small gold label on the box reads "SEAGRAM'S SEVEN 7 CROWN BECAUSE FINE". On the right is a regular bottle set, featuring a standard glass bottle of Seagram's 7 Crown American Blended Whiskey and a shorter, rectangular box wrapped in green and gold paper, also adorned with the red crown emblem. The bottle label includes the text "Seagram's SEVEN 7 Crown AMERICAN BLENDED WHISKEY" and a descriptive paragraph. Both sets are topped with gold bows. The background is dark, making the gift sets stand out.

Beautiful.
(Decanter and regular bottle gift-packaged at no extra charge.)

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EAST Before the season began, Jacksonville Assistant Coach Tom Wadlin said that with 7' 2" Artis Gilmore and 7' Pembroke Burrows III both in the starting lineup the Dolphins would be at least a "helluva conversation piece." Now unbeaten in four games, Jacksonville is causing plenty of talk, and none of it is mere chitchat. Even though the victories were against weak opposition, they have been decided enough to be impressive. Led by Gilmore, an awkward junior college transfer who has shown rapid improvement, Jacksonville rolled up two easy victories last week, 102-65 over Mercer and 130-65 over Bryn Mawr. Against the Bears Gilmore scored 34 points, grabbed 12 rebounds and blocked nine shots. Against Bryn Mawr he added 24 points and 30 rebounds.

Also matched with weak opponents, Calvin Murphy and Niagara went from least to near fame. The Purple Eagles bumped Thomas More 99-77 with Murphy scoring 49 points, but had unexpected trouble with Buffalo State. Niagara thrice lost 13-point leads to the Orangemen and needed five foul shots by Murphy in the last 41 seconds to pick up an 83-80 win. Three nights later LIU limited Murphy to 28 points in the Eagles' 61-56 come-from-behind victory. With Niagara trailing by as many as eight points in the first half, the fans began using some unfriendly language on the referees. Then Coach Frank Layden decided to discipline the crowd. Sounding the buzzer and grabbing the microphone, he said, "Listen, we brought LIU here as our guest. These are competent officials. If I hear any more language like I just heard, we'll stop the game and give it to LIU. Stop acting like animals."

After crushing Erskine 95-46, South Carolina ran into slowdown tactics by East Carolina and Virginia, but still won 68-49 and 62-51. "I imagine we'll see this 10 or 11 more times," said Gamecock Coach Frank McGuire after his team shot only 38 times against the Cavaliers. If Virginia's near success is any indication, low-key offense may hit South Carolina's weakness. The Gamecocks are too big for most teams to contest them for rebounds, but they lack quickness. The slowdown negates their strong rebounding by allowing them only a minimum of shots.

The Cavaliers also lost to Penn 84-53, but that did not satisfy Quaker Coach Dick Harter. "We still haven't played 40 minutes yet," he said. "I guess we played 30 minutes in this one." Penn made up for all that lost time in its next game against Ivy rival Princeton. Committing only nine turnovers, the Quakers defeated the Tigers, who were playing without injured league-scoring champ Jeff Petrie, 85-62. Sophomore Bob Morse and junior Guard Steve Bibby each scored 25 points for the Quakers, with Bi-

sky connecting on 17 of 18 free throws. Columbia, the other Ivy League contender, remained undefeated with wins of 61-42 over Rutgers, 92-68 over Hely Cross and 75-67 over Cornell.

Yale did not promise to score many victories this season; the latest round of infighting between the NCAA and AAU suggests the Elis may end up with none at all. A Yale sub, 6' 8" junior Jack Langer, played in the Maccabiah Games last summer in Israel with the approval of his school. The NCAA, which in previous years permitted participation in the games, barred college players this year as part of its battle with the AAU over control of amateur basketball competition. Last September the Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference declared Langer ineligible in line with NCAA rulings on the Maccabiah Games, but Yale insisted he would play. After Langer made appearances in the Elis' first two games, both losses for Yale, the ECAC issued a "cease and desist" order. That night Langer played 31 minutes and scored six points against Brown as the Elis won 75-65. The decision for disciplinary action in the case is scheduled for January, at which time Yale could be forced to forfeit all its games.

I. DAVISON (2-0) 3. S. CAROLINA (4-1)

WEST It is hard to believe, but if UCLA continues its fiery pace on both offense and defense the opposition may soon begin yearning for the good old days of Lew Alcindor. After two big wins last week—127-69 over Miami (Fla.) to set a school scoring record and 99-54 over Texas for Coach John Wooden's 500th collegiate victory—the Bruins were producing 12.3 more points per game and allowing just one more this year than they did last season with Alcindor. Scrambling at both ends of the court the way it did with its quick, small national champs of 1964 and 1965, UCLA was breaking games open with deadly, lopsided bursts. Against Miami, the Bruins put together a 17-1 streak midway through the first period and added a 16-6 surge to open the second half. Texas was stunned by a 21-7 first-half binge and then knocked out in the second period when the Bruins stifled the Longhorns with their zone press and scored 18 consecutive points.

Even though New Mexico State's victories were not as one-sided as UCLA's, they were certainly more satisfying. The Aggies became the first team ever to win three games in one week on the road against members of the Western Athletic Conference, a league where visitors contend with rattlesnakes, Gila monsters and venomous fans as they travel through the mountains and deserts.

State's week ended with gritty wins at Brigham Young (80-78 in overtime) and Arizona State (94-88), but it was the week's opener, 90-83 over New Mexico, that was the best victory. "I've been waiting three years for this one," said Aggie star Jimmy Collins, whose team has never won a regular-season game at the Lobos' 3-year-old University Arena. Collins' totals made all the waiting worthwhile as he hit 11 of 19 field-goal attempts and four of four free throws for 26 points.

When Seattle visited Southern Cal, the Chieftains looked like the team with all the weaknesses. Their tallest starter stood only 6' 3/4" and they had none of those flashy young stars of which the Trojans seem to have a pair at each position. But Seattle Coach Morris Buckwalter, who had closely scouted USC, knew the Trojans had some soft spots, too, particularly in their zone defense. While his tough man-to-man force USC to commit 16 turnovers and take low-percentage, long-range shots, Buckwalter used his scrappy guards, Tom Little (21 points) and Don Edwards (16), to take advantage of the previously unbeaten Trojans' "areas of weakness." The Chieftains won 74-70. Buckwalter refused to tell where the Trojans' failings lay, so Southern Cal was able to come back the next night with a 70-59 victory over Iowa State. Seattle also defeated Montana State 87-74 but lost to Pacific 100-89.

It will be difficult for Washington, an almost unnoticed dark horse in the Pacific Eight, to hide any more. Tex Winter's defense-minded Huskies trapped high-scoring, high-flying Utah State with surprising ease 90-61. The Aggies arrived in Seattle without a loss in five games and with a 105-point scoring average. Washington shot them down right from the start, allowing the Utes only 25 points in the first half, and improved its record to 4-0. Even more frightening for future Huskies' opponents is the fact that the team's best player, 6' 9 1/2" sophomore Steve Hawes, has yet to start a game because Winter is staying with his five regulars from a year ago. Coming off the bench against the Aggies, Hawes pulled down 16 rebounds and scored 16 points. Prior to their unhappy encounter with the Huskies, Utah State nipped St. Peter's 125-108 and West Texas State 112-87.

It is called the Cable Car Classic, but the only tradition the 3-year-old San Francisco tournament has is that Santa Clara always wins it. The Broncos defeated the University of San Francisco in the opening round 70-49 and took the championship over California, 58-52. Dennis Awirey led Santa Clara with 19 points in the final, while Ralph Ogden had 15.

5. NEW MEXICO ST. (4-0) 3. UCLA (4-0)
—PETER CARRY

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MILITANT IN PHILADELPHIA Sirs

It was almost too much to read the so-called review of the Army-Navy game (*It's the Beaver Down in Philadelphia*, Dec. 8), by your answer to W. C. Fields, Pat Putnam.

I was rather amused by his reference to Kennedy Stadium as a stadium "shipped in from ancient Rome and donated to the city by William Penn." Kennedy Stadium is one of Philadelphia's great legacies from the U.S. Sesquicentennial of 1926. Of course, Putnam's reference was one more futile attempt to be clever, but we of Philadelphia need only look at "Flushed Meadows" to see the legacies left from New York's most recent attempt to provide something of lasting value.

I am not a native Philadelphian. If I were I would find Putnam's article deplorable. As a transplanted Midwesterner well-acquainted with New York's vain efforts to be the center of all sophisticated humor, I find his weak attempt laughable.

JIM M. MILLIGAN

Philadelphia

Sirs:

I thank you and congratulate Pat Putnam on the heartwarming article. His third paragraph sums up the whole value of service academy athletes.

COLONEL RED REIDER

Garrison, N.Y.

VOCAL MINORITY

Sirs,

Upon hearing of President Nixon's decision toward Texas or Arkansas a plaque representing national collegiate football supremacy, I became convinced that the country will any time now be taught in the clutches of subjective reporting. It appears that the Administration's seething attack on the fourth estate has overlooked the field of sports, where an effete corps of inept sportswriters has kept Penn State nearly tucked away.

What is to become of our nation if even such vehement and colorful figures as Vice-President Agnew fail to recognize how a small minority of snobbish reporters can influence the whole nation and consequently in Ohio State, perhaps, that the game on Dec. 6 was indeed the game of the year. Are the sportsmen of America to be molded to believe that Penn State's schedule is any easier than those of Arkansas and Texas? Is America to ignore the fact that, despite the pomp surrounding the "big game," one of the two major polls puts the Nittany Lions in front of the Hogs? Can America think for itself?

Despite Penn State's decision to go to

the Orange Bowl, I feel certain that justice will emerge triumphant. I can foresee the silent majority, that dubious entity, led by Joe Paterno and Notre Dame on New Year's Day destroying all subversive thoughts, along with Missouri and Texas, and victoriously beginning a new decade of sport that will prove helpful to the continuation of the glorious American Way of Life. Penn State—last year and this year.—No. 1!

TIM CRAWF

McKeesport, Pa.

WANDA BET?

Sirs,

Every year millions of dollars are fed into that cancer of American society, the Mafia, Syndicate, or whatever you want to call it, through betting on college and pro football games. What does SI do about this? We get a glorified story of how "Chad" made \$2,970 after paying the vigorous *I How Can't Top a Good Lover*, Dec. 8). Even Mark Mulvey won his bet. Gee, what sport!

MICHAEL HINK

Claymont, Del.

Sirs:

Mark Mulvey's article on winners being losers was one of the best I have ever read in SI. But let's not forget that a team is out to win, not lose.

PHILIP SAEFF

Howard Beach, N.Y.

PUNCTURED ARMOR

Sirs:

The Nov. 24 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* carried a story, *The Brooklyn Debutante's Capers*, by one Edwin Shrake. Just who is Edwin Shrake? We already know that he carries the title of associate editor, but this does not really tell us anything about him as an individual; therefore, we must look to the article itself to determine the nature of the being who penned it.

Certainly a cursory reading of the article would indicate he is not accurate; he is not humorous and he is not a reporter in the true sense of the word, for he is factually wrong, he misquotes and he is misleading. Mr. Shrake is incorrect about the amount of money stolen, the amount of money left behind, the union rules, the company's policies, the various quotations of Messrs. Relay, Gibbon and Gleason. His humor is decidedly sick if he treats a matter of this grave import so lightly—this criminal act is no more humorous than are any of the crimes which are undermining our country today.

Finally, he is not a reporter when he belabors the point that one of the victims ordered "a Braunschweiger and cheese on rye with mayonnaise" while misrepresenting

Wells Fargo's security measures. He offers peccadilloes to suggest authenticity, however he has presented a misconception of the general subject. The very comparison of Wells Fargo to Dale Robertson's exploits indicates the research sources and mental reference points of Mr. Shrake. Here we have a perfect example of the type of reporting Vice-President Agnew bemoans, and I regret that such a piece of journalism is permitted to damage the image of the entire armored car industry. Obviously, Mr. Shrake, in his diligent pursuit of facts, neglected to learn of the many robberies which are thwarted regularly in this field.

Is Mr. Shrake sufficiently expert to be able to state as a fact that it is "really not much harder to steal \$1.3 million from an armored truck than it is to take \$85 from a liquor store owner?"

JAMES R. LEIDIG
President

Wells Fargo Armored
Service Corporation
Atlanta

• SI is confident of the facts as stated by Edwin Shrake.—ED.

HIGH MATHEMATICS

Sirs,

If Steve Owens of Oklahoma set a "national" mark by carrying the ball 55 times in one game (*FOOTBALL'S WEEK*, Dec. 8), how could Mark Perkins of Hobart College have carried the ball 61 times in the 1968 game with my alma mater, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute? At RPI they taught us that 61 was more than 55, but that was small college math.

NORMAN E. CORTIS

Long Beach, N.J.

• Small college math it was, and an NCAA college division record for Perkins. Owens' mark is an NCAA major college record.—ED.

EAST VIRGINIA

Sirs,

Grouping West Virginia U. with the Eastern teams during the football season scored a direct hit with our mountain people. That's where we belong—that's where we want to be.

But now the basketball experts on your outstanding staff have relegated us to the South, which is not where we belong—it is not where we want to be. Geographically, we don't really belong anywhere, yet we can be placed everywhere.

But it is the East that is more accurate for West Virginia U. inasmuch as its tra-

continued

Hiram Walker is very gifted.

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reasons to give Walker's DeLuxe. But even more
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Three wise gifts bearing news (music and sports)



Maybe you never thought of a radio as a gift idea. Well, a radio is always a *round* idea indeed. Pictured above are three of our soundest. A deluxe 2-piece FM/AM—FM Stereo model with speakers that separate to 10 feet for superb stereo realism. An indoor-outdoor FM/AM 3-band portable that brings in thrilling

short wave broadcasts and operates on rechargeable nickel-cadmium batteries. And our FM/AM travel clock radio that opens and closes like a book.

There. You just got three new gift ideas that you never thought about before. Imagine what else you'd find at your RCA dealer. Isn't it worth a visit?

RCA

ditorial rivals. Phil, Peter Stone and Syracuse are Eastern norms.

Here's hoping you help WU get away from that old Southern stigma, which it has been trying so desperately to dump for the past few years.

A. J. HARRMAN

Charlottesville, Va.

TUNNEL VISION

Sirs:

Low Alexander (*NY Times*, Oct. 27) of *ny* claimed that students at UCLA are too busy having fun to concern themselves with society's multifarious problems. Dan Jenkins subsequently discerned that students at UCLA are too fanatically preoccupied with just such matters of social significance to cherish the exploits of Bruin athletes.

Both of these pretentious analysts—and all the others of their ilk who share the identical provincial, archaic, simplistic, superficial tunnel vision that they display—have presumptuously concluded that recreational fervor and an active social concern are mutually exclusive traits of today's student generation. Surprising though it may seem, the two are as compatible as Mike Warren and Lucius Allen, and I invite anyone who thinks otherwise to visit UCLA and bear witness to the remarkable ease with which two sides fit onto one coin.

HOPE D. LEINBERGER

Los Angeles

MORAL FLAWS

Sirs:

Sick with revulsion after reading of the atrocity at Ms. Lai and shamed by the awful flaws it revealed in our morality as a people, I came across the article (PHOTO, Dec. 1) telling of the apprehension of Messrs. Pauley, Petersen, Hilton and Norrellini.

These were not warring youngsters told they were going into major combat for the first time. These were prominent citizens, the friends of Presidents, multimillionaires, pillars of society, individuals who have enjoyed every advantage our country has to offer to an extent only few experience, engaged in sport.

That they should feel themselves above the law, that it was all right for them to shoot more than twice the legal limit of ducks is to me another indication of the moral sickness afloat in our land.

The \$250 fine each of them paid will never be missed. I hope your article will help to bring to them a sense of the opprobrium they have earned.

ROBERT L. H. BAUMHEIMER
USN 16013

Washington

Address editorial mail to: **THE 19TH HOLE**, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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